

THE

Amaranth;

OR,

TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT

FOR

1855.

EDITED BY

EMILY PERCIVAL.

BOSTON:

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY.

NEW YORK: J. C. DERBY.

1855.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE AMARANTH for the year 1855 is the ninth volume since its commencement. The publishers believe it will be found equal in all respects to its successful predecessors in its literary department as well as in its illustrations.

The same editorial talent has been employed as in the former volumes. The engravings will be found somewhat varied and of a different character to the volume of last year.

With this brief introduction, the publishers would solicit for the Amaranth for 1855 the same patronage that has been so kindly bestowed upon the series heretofore, trusting its readers will find it an acceptable volume, and well adapted for the purpose for which it was intended.

Boston, August, 1854.

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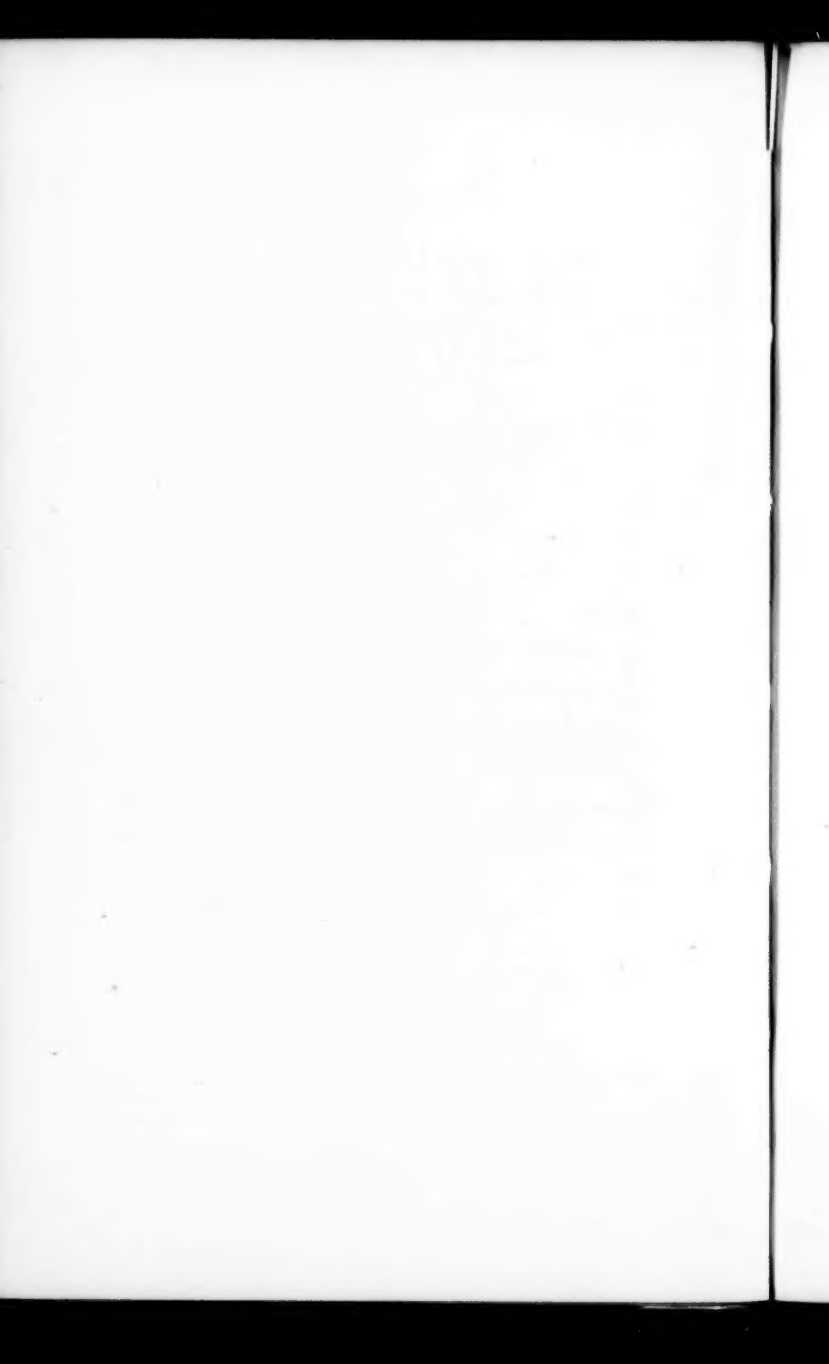
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THE AMARANTH.

TO JULIET.

SWEET lady, look not thus again ;
Those bright, deluding smiles recall ;
A maid remembered now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all.

O, while this heart bewildered took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she smile, and lisp, and look ;
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh.

Yes, I did love her — wildly love ;
She was her sex's best deceiver ;
And oft she swore she'd never rove ;
And I was destined to believe her.

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of one whose smile could thus betray ;
Alas ! I think the lovely wile
Again could steal my heart away.

For, when those spells that charmed my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resigned
Will err again and fly to thee.

EDUCATED WOMEN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

LET not my readers be alarmed at the title of my paper. I am not going to advocate the claims of lady colleges, on the one hand, or cookery schools, on the other. I hold *that* education to be the best which not only fits a woman for the station which she is likely to fill in the world, but which so strengthens her character that, should fortune see fit to elevate her to a higher or depress her to a lower station, she would still be able to act in becoming accordance with its duties. Illustration is often better than precept: I will therefore give a short sketch of three married women of my acquaintance who, in my opinion, admirably exemplify the effects of a judicious education; but, lest my readers should surmise that I am about to inflict upon them the delineation of paragons of perfection, I will tell them beforehand that each of these exemplary persons possesses one fault, which I am about to point out, with the hope

that, in their case as well as in that of many others, it may be not only confessed, but amended.

Lady Corwyn was the daughter of a quiet widow with a moderate income, who was prevented, partly by ill health and partly by an indolent disposition, from introducing her daughter into general society. Sir James Corwyn, however, a baronet with a fine country seat and fifteen thousand a year, obtained an introduction to the secluded fair one at the house of one of her relations, and a marriage took place. Twenty years have elapsed since that event. Lady Corwyn is now eight and thirty; and her country neighbors and her London associates, her husband's friends, nay, even her husband's family, those chartered critics of a wife's sayings and doings, unite in praising the uniform propriety of her conduct — propriety which does not array itself in buckram, but which is evinced by the exquisite good taste and ease with which every relaxation of life is enjoyed, every social and domestic duty performed. Sir James Corwyn and his family pass the spring in London; it is his wish that his wife should mingle with the gay world; and she does so cheerfully and willingly. She is no flirt; yet men love to congregate around her and to listen to her animated, sparkling anecdotes. She is no flatterer; yet women consult her in their millinery dilemmas and girls eagerly seek her as a chaperon.

Eight months of the year, however, she passes at her husband's country seat; here she is the kind benefactress of the poor and the wise and prudent manager of her household. She keeps up an extensive circle of visiting acquaintance; but, as her habits are very active, she finds time for many other pursuits, from the cultivation of her mind to that of her flower garden, from playing chess and singing duets with her husband to directing the studies and sharing the pastimes of her children. She has a son, nineteen years of age, who is already distinguished by his talent and excellence, and two daughters, of fifteen and sixteen, who have not yet "come out." When they do so it is predicted that they will meet with excellent opportunities of marrying. Girls brought up under the inspection of such a mother may be safely trusted to make admirable wives.

Mrs. Stafford is about nine and twenty; ten years ago she married a very rich merchant; her tastes and habits were expensive; she enjoyed her splendid dresses and elegant carriages. These inclinations, however, qualified her but the more for the station she was called upon to fill. Stafford valued wealth not for its own sake, but for the sake of the luxuries that it procured; and a wife incapable of spending money would have been in his opinion quite unworthy of possessing it. Yet Mrs. Stafford was no frivolous, thoughtless worldling; two

points she strenuously urged on her husband — to give liberally in charity from his abundance, and to abstain from all speculative attempts to increase the fortune which was already more than sufficient for every reasonable want and wish. Stafford was quite willing to oblige his wife in the first particular. So long as she did not require him to devote his time and thoughts to the service of his distressed fellow-creatures she might command checks on his banker for their use; but the second part of her counsel was more difficult to follow. Stafford entered into a tempting speculation; it failed, embarrassments ensued, and, although he was enabled to pay every body, he was reduced to the very unpleasant necessity of — so runs the mercantile phrase — “beginning life again.” To “begin life again” is the frequent aspiration of poets; but it is very seldom desiderated by merchants, still less by merchants’ wives. Stafford felt the shock even more for his dear, indulged, pampered wife than he did for himself; but he was speedily comforted and encouraged by the mingled spirit and sweetness with which she accommodated herself to her new situation. She parted with her jewels, locked up her finery, and looked far prettier in a muslin dress and straw bonnet than she had ever done in the most elaborate Paris fashions. She managed her little household so well that it did not bear the appearance of

having cost her any trouble to manage ; neither did she make a point of abjuring recreations and amusements. The well-chosen books arrayed in splendid bindings had passed into other hands ; but cheap literature and a subscription to a neighboring circulating library supplied the deficiency. Balls and banquets were henceforth to be unknown to her husband and herself ; but the lecture room, the concert room, and the social meeting at a friend's house remained open to them. Carriages and horses were extinct ; but Mrs. Stafford's step was more light and the roses bloomed more freshly in her cheeks since she had been what her commiserating friends denominated "reduced to walking." No one said of Mrs. Stafford that she bore her altered circumstances well, for she did not seem to consider them as troubles ; she was just as smiling, happy, and pleasant as when encumbered with a large house, a colony of servants, and an income to match. She will not long, however, continue to live in a confined manner ; for I have just heard of the death of a relation of Stafford's, who cut him out of his will for marrying a fine lady, and put him in again when his reverse of fortune discovered to his friends that a fine lady may be a very earnest, simple, loving woman. I believe the money that Stafford will inherit amounts to a large sum ; but no matter : I have so firm a trust in the consistency of Mrs. Stafford that

I should not fear for her even if it were discovered that her husband possessed a vested right in the largest gold field in Australia.

My third paragon, Mrs. Rushton, is the wife of a country clergyman; she is four and twenty years old and much handsomer than my other two favorites — in fact, she is a decided beauty; and when, at the age of eighteen, she was well introduced into the gay world by an aunt, and known to be the independent possessor of ten thousand pounds, no one can be surprised that her conquests were many and extensive; she was the belle of the ball room, the goddess of *tableaux vivans*, the heroine of acted charades; verses were written to her, sketches were made of her, and hearts and hands — some of them very desirable ones — were proffered to her acceptance. Her aunt was never easy but in society, and certainly she rejoiced in a most complaisant niece; the young beauty was never tired, never low spirited, never pale, never sleepy, never troubled with the headache. For three years she remained in a constant vortex of amusement and dissipation, till at length she made choice of one of her suitors; and to the astonishment of every body he proved to be a quiet country clergyman residing in a distant village on a small living. Poor man! I wonder that he ever found courage to propose to her. How divided he must have

- been between fear of being refused and fear of gaining a very unsuitable wife for himself if he should be accepted! Her aunt vehemently opposed her marriage; but, as she was of age, it was impossible to prevent it; and, as the income which her lover derived from his
- living was somewhat more than she herself drew from her ten thousand pounds, all threats held out of ultimate starvation were of course to be regarded in a metaphorical point of view. The beautiful bride entered on the duties of a clergyman's wife not only with cheerfulness, but with a tact and activity which surprised every one. I could quite conceive that her fine sense and fine principles would enable her to "quit the flaunting town" without regret when she had once made up her mind to do so. I could also well understand that, loving as she did deeply and truly, the affection of one fond, faithful heart would far outweigh all the triumphs and flatteries of society; but I cannot even now quite comprehend how she became at once as if by intuition so versed in her new pursuits that any body might suppose she had been teaching schools and visiting cottagers all her life. Mrs. Rushton has refused all offers from her husband to take her occasionally to London or to a watering-place; the little village where her home is fixed may occupy a very insignificant position in the map of England, but to her it is a scene of perfect and unvarying happiness;

and the veriest dowdy who ever vegetated in seclusion from childhood to womanhood could not make a more quiet, contented, unassuming wife for a country pastor than does the darling of society, the flattered ball-room beauty.

The three ladies whose characters I have endeavored to sketch are of different ages and move in different circles. They do not know each other — nay, as far as I am aware, they have never even heard of each other; and yet they each have precisely the same fault in precisely the same degree. But before I mention it I must trespass on the patience of my readers for a short time while I delineate to them yet one other person.

There is a neat, trim row of houses in Brompton, bearing that peculiar air which denotes that they are let out in lodgings. In one of them the parlor and bed room on the ground floor are occupied by an elderly lady named Allen; she is thoroughly the gentlewoman in manner and appearance; and the beautiful drawings and tasteful pieces of needlework which form the principal ornament of her little parlor have owed their existence to her own skilful and active hand. I cannot say that I consider Mrs. Allen a very happy person; it is far from being my habit to estimate felicity in reference to pounds, shillings, and pence; but a certain *roominess* of income — to use the expression of an old-

fashioned friend of mine — is, in my opinion, quite necessary for comfort; and this it is not Mrs. Allen's lot to enjoy. Her table, dress, and apartments, although managed with the strictest economy, merge nearly the whole of her moderate life annuity; and she has nothing to spare from it for the little indulgences of life. She is of a social temper and has great powers of conversation; but she pays and receives very few visits. She has outlived her relations; some of her friends have forgotten her, others live at a distance from her; and she cannot make new acquaintance, since visiting is expensive even when carried on in the most moderate way. Mrs. Allen loves the country; and she is frequently haunted with images of breezy hills, flowery valleys, and umbrageous woods; but she rents her little lodging by the year for the sake of economy, and she cannot afford an excursion from thence; so she reads *Our Village and Summer Time in the Country*, fills her pretty painted flower jars with moss roses purchased from street venders, and tries to forget that there was once a time when she enjoyed "free Nature's grace" without restriction. Mrs. Allen has another drawback upon happiness; her health is failing; she can only walk to a very short distance from home, and carriage hire is out of the question. She has lately suffered under a severe attack of illness; and her landlady

earnestly persuaded her to have recourse to medical assistance. She resolutely refused; and the landlady expatiated long and fluently to her next "caller in" on Mrs. Allen's "unaccountable dislike to doctors." But Mrs. Allen has no dislike to doctors; she only dislikes the expense of them.

When I have said that I do not consider Mrs. Allen happy, let me not be understood to infer that she ever complains of her lot in life. No; on the contrary, she often expresses her gratitude to Providence that she has been able by her unassisted efforts to accumulate a sufficient sum to place her in independence for the rest of her days, giving her sufficient to satisfy the wants of nature and allowing her abundant leisure to prepare her mind for a future world.

Mrs. Allen's story is very short and very commonplace. Highly educated and slenderly dowered, she became the wife of a man of reputed wealth; she enjoyed every luxury for several years, when the sudden death of her husband discovered that his affairs were in so involved a state that nothing could be saved from the wreck of them for the use of his widow.

Mrs. Allen now deemed it advisable to avail herself of her talents and accomplishments as a means of support, and became a governess. Perhaps few governesses had ever less to complain of than she had; her

superior abilities insured her a good salary, and she was extremely fortunate in entering families who treated her with kindness and consideration; while her pupils, generally speaking, were amiable and intelligent and did credit to the excellent instructions which they received from her. Thirty years did Mrs. Allen pursue this way of life, regularly laying by as much of her yearly stipend as she could consistently save after making the appearance expected from a well-salaried governess. At the conclusion of that period, when her health and spirits both gave symptoms of failing, she was truly grateful to find that it was in her power to purchase a small life annuity which, managed with frugality, would procure her the means of living without future labor. Mrs. Allen had not very frequently changed her situations; but of course in thirty years occasional transits were unavoidable; and among her pupils at different periods were numbered the three ladies whom I have described as doing so much honor to the education bestowed on them. Lady Corwyn, Mrs. Stafford, and Mrs. Rushton were each under her care for some years. Now have I come to the moral for which I have been endeavoring to prepare my readers. Why has Mrs. Allen so completely passed from the remembrance of the pupils who owe so much

to her? Why do they not feel that it is equally a duty and a pleasure to keep up frequent intercourse with her, to invite her to their houses, and to introduce her to the husbands who have such cause to be thankful to her for having trained up for them such admirable wives? What would Lady Corwyn have been if left to the sole direction of a sickly, indolent mother? Mrs. Stafford, as an orphan under the care of a stately guardian with a silly wife, would have had still fewer advantages of moral training; and Mrs. Rushton, if her worldly, trifling aunt had been her sole preceptress, would probably have never been any thing but worldly and trifling herself. Were you to talk to these ladies on the subject of their education, I am persuaded that not one of them would deny that they were under the greatest obligations to Mrs. Allen; were you to tell them that she was suffering from poverty, they would assist her readily and abundantly; were you to apprise them that she was a candidate for admission into any charitable institution, they would write letters, pay morning visits, work for a fancy fair, or adopt any other mode which might be suggested to them as being most likely to be beneficial to her. Why, then, do they not seek her as a companion and guest? How many comforts and indulgences might they be the means of be-

stowing upon her, without causing any humiliation to her independent spirit! How many happy hours might she enjoy in the beautiful park and pleasure grounds of Lady Corwyn! How might Mrs. Stafford have made her the occasional sharer of her prosperity, and have been rewarded by finding in her one of her few firm, unshrinking friends in the season of adversity! How might Mrs. Rushton delight to welcome to her peaceful retirement the governess who implanted in her mind the excellent principles which qualified her to enjoy and to adorn it! I have frequently heard married women describe the pleasure they feel in renewing their acquaintance with those whom they have known in early girlhood, because they could retrace with them innumerable little incidents, scenes, and dialogues interesting to themselves, although dull and trivial to an indifferent person. Surely none can be so well qualified to share in such pleasant reminiscences as the governess, who was not only an occasional visitor, but the actual inmate of the house of her young charge during the delightful season of life's fresh spring. And yet, among the most amiable of women, how constantly do we see that the governess is suffered to pass into entire oblivion from the time she ceases to reside with them! Possibly in some cases a few letters may be exchanged; but the

languid correspondence soon comes to a close; her name is never mentioned, and her very existence is forgotten.

Is not this wrong, unfeeling, *ungrateful*? Yes; the right word has come forth at last — I will not gloss it over.

Ingratitude is the one fault of my three fair friends, and of many other equally esteemed members of society. It is a harsh word; it is a heavy accusation; there are few, even among the most humble minded, who could be induced to plead guilty to it. And yet what is the definition of ingratitude? Is it not the want of a due sense of the benefits that we have received from others? And how great are the benefits that a pupil receives from a thoroughly conscientious governess, who is not content with imparting showy accomplishments nor even solid information to her, but who carefully guards her young mind from evil, and instils into it the great truths of religion! Gratitude should be shown through life to such a preceptress; and the expression of it ought to be considered as an enjoyment and a privilege. Her married pupils, in particular, should delight to welcome her to their domestic fireside, to make her intimately acquainted with the failings and the excellences of their children, and to listen with pleasure

while she recounts to those children anecdotes of the youthful days of their dear mother. Is there any reason why such an intercourse should not be of frequent occurrence, with mutual comfort and advantage to each party? No; it is not even *attempted* to give any reason why it should not be so. Such an intimacy is never sought for because it is never thought of; and I am inclined to believe that want of thought more than want of real principle and kindness is the source of the error that I deplore. But the governess has deep feelings, warm sympathies, strong affections; the nature of her employment in life has alienated her from the society of her own family; she has given all her earnest interest to strangers; she has sat with them by the winter hearth, joined them in the summer walk, heard their troubles, shared their joys, partaken their prayers. She has won their friendly confidence; is it to be withdrawn from her the moment she quits them? She has qualified them to bless and be blessed in their progress through life; is she to be deprived of the gratification of seeing how it has pleased Providence to prosper the good seed which she has sown? No—no; let her lonely home be gladdened, let her sinking heart be cheered, by the renewal of ties so long dissevered; let her hear the sound of well-known voices, and gaze on

the smile of familiar faces ; let the husbands of her pupils delight to honor her, and their young children welcome her with caresses ; and then, and not till then, shall I say that the blot on our national character is removed, and that England has reason to be proud of her "educated women."

FAITH'S VIGIL.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

It is said that the spirits who haunt lakes and streams very frequently entice children away with them, and bring them back, after a lapse of years, not as they were when stolen, but always more beautiful and with rich and valuable gifts. The following song was suggested by this legend.

O MOTHER, ask me now no more
Why night by night I stray
To where the darkling waters bore
My brother dear away.
I know that, free from guilt and pain,
He sleeps beneath the river ;
But we shall see him once again
More beautiful than ever.

I know the spirits pure and mild
That peer with angel faces

To lure away the little child
To holier, happier places ;
And these my brother dear have ta'en
Adown the darkling river ;
But we shall see him once again
More beautiful than ever.

We shall not see him, as of old,
A weakling human creature,
But gifted with a crown of gold —
A high, angelic nature.
Then say not that my watch is vain
Beside the darkling river ;
For we shall see him yet again
More beautiful than ever.

THE MANGLING ROOM.

A SCENE OUT OF THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF A DANISH HOUSEHOLD.

FROM THE DANISH, BY MARY HOWITT.

ONE day, when I was about ten years old, having found my uncle's powder horn, I filled my pocket handkerchief with a quantity of gunpowder, with which, as soon as it grew dusk, I stole down to the shore, that I might amuse myself with what the children call water-spouts. I was so absorbed with the pleasure I was anticipating that, having set up my first waterspout, I forgot to place my powder in safety; it lay, therefore, in my left trousers' pocket whilst I swung round the little black instrument which sputtered forth glittering yellowish-red sparks. Just when, with a shriek of delight, I was about to hurl it up in the air, I was startled by a dull report; and then a hot, burning current of air rushed past my face, and I was thrown to the ground. The first thing which I saw when I rose up was my

pocket handkerchief still burning in a tall tree. I had, however, no time to form any plans for recovering it, because a violent pain in my left leg made me look down to discover the cause, when to my unspeakable horror I perceived that my trousers were burning.

"What will my aunt say? And perhaps she will tell my uncle. And the powder! and the powder horn!" While I thus thought I began to cry with terror and pain, for the fire in the woollen cloth became still stronger. At that moment I felt myself seized by the neck, and the next over head in water.

It was the head man in my uncle's brandy distillery who had thus laid hands on me; for by chance, being near me, he had seen what had happened. When he had taken me out of the water and convinced himself that I had not suffered any injury, he said, —

"But, Lodwig, what sort of a freak was that?"

I answered, crying all the time, that I did not know what it was; that there had come something just like fire and had burned me. •

"Don't tell me any stories, Lodwig," said the man; "I saw as plain as could be that you were playing with waterspouts."

"Dear Ole," besought I, "don't tell my aunt."

"No," replied Ole, "I won't get you into trouble."

"But what am I to tell my aunt?" exclaimed I, beginning to cry again more than ever.

Ole bethought himself a little while, and then said, "You can say that you tumbled into the water and that I picked you out."

"But, Ole, I durst not tumble into the water."

He bethought himself again. "Well, then, you can say that I pushed you into the water."

"Yes; but, Ole," said I, "they will be cross with you."

"Never mind that," said Ole; "I'll bear all that if you will only promise me never to play with powder again."

This conduct of Ole's appeared to me the most disinterested which one human being could show to another; and from this time forth I began to think of all the good that I could do to him. I was continually with him in the distillery; I ran errands for him, drew his ale when he was thirsty, and on Sundays always gave him the piece of cake which was given to me after dinner. Ole was not very polite, and did not even say that it was almost a shame to eat my cake. On the contrary, he ate it up to the last crum, and wiped his mouth afterwards with the back of his hand with an expression that seemed to say he could eat as much more; after which he asked, "But it was your own cake, Lod-

wig — was it? You have not stolen it from your aunt?"

On one occasion, however, I was able to give him a still more substantial proof of my devotion. Happening one day to go into the distillery, I saw him and another fellow lying struggling together under a bench. Ole was very strong; but his antagonist, having fallen upon him from behind, now held him down by the throat, his body lying uppermost. When I beheld Ole lying thus black in the face I was almost out of my senses, and, running to them, I took a wooden shoe from one of the four struggling feet, and with its iron-bound heel struck his assailant so violently on the head that he instantly let go Ole and started up to fall upon me; but the next moment Ole was upon his feet again and soon put him to flight.

From this time forth our friendship was mutual, and I became as indispensable to him as he to me. When he was not very busy in the distillery he cut out cards for me, or cast leaden bullets for my crossbow down in the cellar-like place into which the boiler fires opened, or else played at "touchwood" with me round the great mash tubs. On Sunday afternoons he took me with him the only walk he ever indulged in — down to the enclosed piece of land on the shore. When he had sat here for some time perfectly still he returned to the

house and went up to his own chamber, where he dressed himself in his Sunday's best ; and then we two went and stood at the court-yard gate. There we stood — he with his hat on, and in his red waistcoat buttoned with small silver buttons up to his throat, dark-blue coat, and three or four watches in his pockets, each with its watch chain hanging conspicuously out, and with one silver-mounted meerschaum pipe sticking out from the hind pocket of his coat and another in his hand ; for the head distiller at my uncle's had high wages and many perquisites. My uncle used to say that his head man earned more than he did himself.

When we had thus stood for half an hour or so, and spoken to the young girls of the town who went by, and all of whom had a kind look for the handsome Ole, he returned to his chamber and again put on his every-day clothes ; after which he went to look after his distilling, unless there was mangling to be done this afternoon, in which case he betook himself from the gate to the mangling room in all his bravery.

This mangling room was a large square apartment which lay behind the dairy. The floor was of clay, and the furniture consisted alone of the mangle and a large square table. Two small holes served for windows ; these the servant maids stopped up in winter with rags, and therefore on the afternoons of high days and holi-

days lighted the great iron lamp, with its two wicks, which hung directly over the mangle.

I had always had a sort of horror of this room — partly because it was so dark and lay at the end of a long, dark passage, and partly because I had once heard a story about it which did not greatly redound to its credit. I was sitting one winter afternoon in a corner of the drinking room, — for my uncle also dealt in liquors by retail, — and was amusing myself with an old pack of cards. It was early in the afternoon; and the room was empty with the exception of old Niels Olsen, who sat asleep beside the stove, when all at once in rushed Maren, the dairy maid, and threw herself upon a bench. The noise woke Niels Olsen, who exclaimed, —

“What is amiss with you, Maren?”

“O, I am just ready to swoon,” replied Maren.

Niels raised himself from his bowed position, looked compassionately at her, and said, “Drink a drop, Maren.”

“You drunken old swine,” said Maren, “would you have me drink brandy as well as you? O Lord Jesus my Savior!”

“I think she’s out of her mind,” said Niels to himself, and then asked once more, “What is amiss with you, Maren?”

“O Lord Jesus!” again cried Maren; “God grant

that I may never hear the like again. Niels Olsen, just now when I was coming out of the dairy, what should I hear but mangling in the mangling room!"

"Nay, then, I know for sure —— said Niels Olsen with suppressed voice and folded hands.

"What do you know?" screamed Maren, and became as white as chalk.

"Is there any body ill in the house?" asked Niels Olsen.

"Ay, little Kirstine lies ill," said Maren, her eyes expanding and her whole appearance as if her blood was turning to ice.

"O, then, you'll see in three days."

"What shall we see, Niels Olsen?" asked Maren, coming close to him as if she feared to stand alone.

"Did not I live here in service with Birgitta?" said Niels.

"And who was Birgitta, Niels Olsen?"

"Yes; that was before your time, Maren. Birgitta was the first dairy maid that the master had after he was married."

"Well, and what about her, Niels?"

"Yes, she and I were to mangle together by ourselves; for there were not so many of us then as there are of you now. The last time I had mangled with her she was poorly; and she said to me, 'I think this will

be the last time that we shall mangle together, Niels Olsen.' 'You musn't say so, Birgitta,' said I; 'God willing, we'll mangle many a good piece of cloth together yet.' The next Sunday, as I was standing in the stable and was filling the rack for the big bull that we had then, and which afterwards went mad and tossed butcher Mogensen, I heard Birgitta calling to me that I must come in and mangle. I thought nothing but that it was all right, and went up into the mangling room; and when I opened the door, Maren, there I saw Birgitta as plain as ever I saw her in my life standing and turning the mangle all by herself; but there were no clothes in the mangle. 'In Jesus' name!' said I, shut the door after me, and went back into the stable. And on Wednesday night Birgitta died."

"God be merciful to us!" cried Maren, and became more faint than ever.

Niels Olsen filled a half measure with brandy, drank some of it himself, and threw the rest into Maren's face; on which she recovered, and they then promised each other not to say a word about what had happened to any of the people of the house, lest it should come to the ears of little Kirstine. After this Maren went back into the dairy.

It is only necessary now to tell that little Kirstine did not, after all, die at that time; nevertheless, I retained

all my terror of the mangling room. I entered for the first time with Ole; for where should I have been afraid of going when Ole was with me?

Although I did not at that time understand all that I saw going forward in the mangling room, yet it has remained as clearly imprinted on my memory as if it had occurred but yesterday. The lamp with its two wicks was lighted, and threw its strong reddish light upon the two oldest herdsmen who turned the mangle—this having been from time immemorial a part of the duty attached to the stable. In a less strong light stood all the men servants of the house side by side along one wall; and exactly opposite to them, against the opposite wall, stood the maid servants of the family as well as other young women from the neighborhood. The young men conversed at broken intervals among themselves; but their conversation had reference to the girls, who replied to it by talking to each other. Without the two opposite rows looking at each other, yet they mutually communicated in this way all the news, flung repartees backwards and forwards, and talked till they were tired.

As soon as the "family's linen" was mangled the two old herdsmen walked off to the drinking room, as if they knew that they were unnecessary for the scene which followed. Then stepped forward one young woman after another to the table, placed the linen ready

on the roller, and laid it under the mangle; on which one of the young men stepped forward from their side and helped her to turn the mangle. When this was done sufficiently, the girl gave the young man her hand and said, "Thanks, so and so," mentioning his name. Sometimes it would happen that two or more young fellows would rush forward at once to help some one girl; and then followed a short combat, until one of them succeeded in possessing himself of the mangle, when all quietly retired and the work proceeded as before. Sometimes, also, a young fellow who wished to go forward was withheld from doing so amid the laughter of the whole row. The more earnestly he tried to get away the louder grew the laughter; nor would they release him till he had promised to give them some brandy. All this appeared so very amusing to me that I asked Ole whether he also would not mangle; to which he replied, "Hush, Lodwig! there is something about this which you don't understand."

When all the girls had finished, one of them went out and called to Fransine, my aunt's parlor maid. Fransine was a peasant girl, who had entered my aunt's service when she was a child, and thereby had acquired the appearance of a city maiden; her face was not so red as those of other girls; neither did she wear wooden shoes nor yet heavily-plaided petticoats; nevertheless

she was much liked by the house servants because she was not proud, by which it might be inferred that her predecessor had been so.

Fransine came hastily in with a small bundle of clothes, saluted the company with a "Good evening to all in the room," arranged the linen round the roller, then placed it in the mangle, and seemed as if she were about to mangle by herself. On this Ole left his place in the ranks, without any one attempting to interrupt him, placed himself at the mangle, and turned it for Fransine. Fransine never once looked up all the time he was mangling; but when he had finished she gave him her hand, looked kindly at him, and said, "Thanks, Ole."

At that moment such an expression of joy passed over Ole's face that I also felt involuntarily glad and exclaimed, "I, too, will mangle."

Maria, the kitchen maid, said, "In that case we must send a message after little Emilie; but you two are too young for that yet."

About this Emilie there is, however, a long story; but I will not tell it now.

It was towards the end of the midsummer holidays that this scene took place in the mangling room; and as I immediately afterwards went to Copenhagen to school, I was not present at any others for some time.

When I returned at Christmas a great delight awaited me. My cousin Anton was at my uncle's house on a visit. I now had my uncle, my aunt, Ole, the whole house, and, over and above all, cousin Anton. I did not at all know how I should divide myself among so many. I had almost more to love than I could manage.

Anton Falsen was the one whom I most desired to resemble when I became a man. He was, properly speaking, in trade — that is to say, he managed his father's business; and I was to be a student; but he had no resemblance whatever to any other merchant's clerk or shopkeeper's assistant. He understood every thing; he could sing, dance, play comedy, imitate people's way of talking and looking; and, let any body be as melancholy as they might, they were sure to laugh when he begun; then he had also a strange, indescribable smile which produced an irresistible effect upon all. I once heard his father say, when speaking of him, "Anton is a wildcat and has cost me a deal of money; but, for all that, he will get through the world — for he is a merry fellow and is liked by every body, especially by the ladies."

And I can very well remember that it was from this very assertion of his father's that I wished so much to be like Anton when I became a man.

In the beginning I spent all my time with Anton and

quite forsook Ole and the distillery ; after a while, however, my conscience smote me for so doing ; and, leaving my cousin, I once more visited Ole. I could not help fancying that he was less gentle and kind than formerly ; and, as I supposed that it might be in consequence of my having deserted him, I now redoubled my attention to him ; but this produced no effect whatever on Ole. Now and then he would show somewhat of his former kindness ; but the next moment he again became gloomy and said that I must go away from him. One day, when I stood beside him on the best of terms as I supposed, he pushed me away so that I fell, while he said, "Get away ! You look just the image of your cousin."

When I, however, began to cry, he took me in his arms, caressed me, asked my forgiveness, and promised me every thing I wished for if I only would be quiet and not tell any body in the house any thing about it.

When on Sunday I took to him, according to old custom, my piece of after-dinner cake, I found him sitting down by the boiler fires looking very melancholy.

"No, Lodwig," said he, when I offered it to him ; "I shall not have it ; give it rather to your cousin."

"Why should I give it to him ?" asked I ; "he has had a piece as well as me."

"Give it to him," said Ole ; "let him have it as well."

Ole's voice was so very sorrowful that I was ready to cry.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked.

"With you, poor lad?" said Ole, and began to mend the fire vigorously under the boiler.

There was going to be a mangling that same afternoon; and I went with Ole into the room. We did not go until it was almost over; and when the message was sent to bid Fransine come, she was a long time before she made her appearance; and when she came she said "Good afternoon to all here" in a different tone to what she had done before.

Every body was quite silent when she came in; and all the time that she was placing the clothes within the linen of the roller the whole place was so still that you might almost hear the people breathing. When she had got all ready and stood by the mangle there was a pause of a minute or two before any one offered to help her. At length Ole stepped forward from the ranks as on the former occasion. He seized the handle, and at the first turn that he gave the huge mangle rocked to and fro and was shaken out of its place; and Fransine, throwing down the mangle stick, rushed out of the room.

Ole and several other of the men went round into the public drinking room, ordered each a measure of

brandy, and were more than usually merry. After a short time, however, Ole grew very quiet, and, rising up, stood leaning against the inner door of the room.

While he was thus standing my cousin Anton came in from the street. He staid a moment at the threshold of the outer door to knock the snow from his shoes, and then was about to pass through the room on his way to the parlor, against the door of which Ole was leaning. He might very well have gone in without disturbing Ole if he had chosen; but instead of that he cast an angry glance at him and bade him go out of the way.

Ole stood immovable as if he had not heard him speak, whilst the other young fellows drew together in a group by the counter.

"Did you not hear that I told you to stand out of the way?" cried my cousin.

Ole still leaned against the doorpost as before and replied, "There has hitherto been, just as there is to-night, room enough for two people at master's door."

One of the young men tittered; the rest drew closer together.

"Out of the way, fellow," shouted my cousin, growing angry, "or else I'll help you."

"You had better help yourself," replied Ole.

My cousin was almost beside himself.

"You rascal," said he, "are you making game of

me?" And with this he seized Ole by the breast of his coat.

But Ole was as if planted in the earth; and he merely said, "Take your hands off."

I knew Ole well; and the tone in which he spoke these few words made me tremble.

"Take your hands off!" said Ole once more.

"You rascal, I'll teach you manners," cried my cousin, and struck him in the face. But at the very moment when I heard the blow I saw my cousin fly the length of the room and strike against the counter; here he stood for half a moment, gasped for breath, and then sank to his knees, the blood covering his face.

All the spectators stood as if petrified.

Ole stood staring for a moment and then said, "Now I also have done some mischief;" and then, bursting open the sitting-room door, stalked through it with long strides into the kitchen; and I, crying with all my might, ran after him.

In the kitchen stood Fransine. Ole with his left hand seized her by the arm; and she, terrified, sank upon her knees before him, whilst, with his right outstretched, he seemed as if grasping after some deadly weapon. Fransine screamed; and I, scarce knowing what I did, seized upon his outstretched arm and screamed too. The maid servants came rushing in from the maid servants' room;

my aunt came out of her bed chamber; and my uncle, who heard the noise in the distant counting house, hurried in also. My cousin came reeling in, with a bloody pocket handkerchief held to his face and otherwise looking very white. At sight of my uncle and aunt Ole let go Fransine, and remained standing immovable with downcast head. Fransine sat down on the chopping block, and, putting her apron before her face, began to cry.

"What is amiss here?" asked my uncle, looking round him. "How came you to be bleeding?" asked he of Anton.

"It is your brandy distiller who has struck me," said he.

"And he has rushed through the parlor into the kitchen, and knocked down one of my maid servants," said my aunt.

"Ole, what is the meaning of all this?" asked my uncle; "you have hitherto been a well-conducted fellow. Have you had any cause of offence from any one? What is amiss, Ole?"

Ole seized my uncle's hand without looking at him, kissed it, and said, "God bless you, master! but I must leave you."

"What, will you leave before your time is up, Ole?"

"Yes, let him go," cried my aunt, who was very irritable; "we are not going to ask him to stay, I should think."

"Master, I'll willingly forfeit a quarter's wages," said Ole.

"What! a quarter's wages? Do you think that I am troubling myself about your wages? You can set off for what I care — Heaven forgive me, I was nearly swearing! Only let me have peace in my own house."

With these words my uncle turned round to go, evidently greatly disturbed, and in passing Anton he said to him in a low voice, "It is all owing to you, you bad fellow. It is you and nobody else who has made all this mischief."

Anton followed my uncle out of the kitchen, and said something to him which I did not hear.

"Pack up your things and be off," said my aunt to Ole; "and, Fransine, do you come with me."

Before Ole went into the men servants' room they already knew what had occurred. They were all talking together in a loud voice; but as soon as he entered they fell into a deep silence. After a pause one of them said, "Where will you have your things taken to, Ole?"

Ole named the place.

The one who had spoken continued, "You need not be at the trouble of packing them, Ole ; we fellows will look after that for you ; and you need not fear that you should miss a single thing."

"I am sure I shall not," said Ole ; "and I think," added he, "that you will all of you say for me that I am not a bad one to live in service with."

"That we can," said the spokesman of the party.

"Well, then, I will bid you all farewell," said Ole ; "and thanks for this time."

"Nay, but we shall go with you to the road," said the spokesman. "But now I must call the girls."

All the women servants with the exception of Fransine came out and took leave of Ole—all seeming very sorrowful about it.

On this Ole passed through the door, the men accompanying him in a close crowd across the court yard to the great gate, where he so often had stood in his Sunday finery. Here they remained standing and looking after him.

"Shall we not give him an hurrah?" said the one who had spoken before. "A happy journey to you, Ole Hanson !"

Ole looked back from the street and nodded to them. All his fellow-servants lifted their red caps from their

heads and set up a loud hurrah. The next moment Ole was out of sight ; and they all returned to their several employments.

But from that time forth there was no one who would mangle with Fransine.

THE WISH.

O THAT I were a little flower
With dewdrops filled and fragrance sweet,
With thee to pass but one short hour
And then to kiss thy sylphlike feet;
To bloom beneath thy smile ; to be
Caressed, admired, and loved by thee !

O that I were a crystal stream
That murmurs by some mountain's side !
Thy form should, as in some sweet dream,
Upon the silver waters glide ;
And mirrored on my breast would be
The image then, dear maid, of thee.

O that I were the bird of night
That sings as sweet as 'twere midday,
Close by thy lattice to alight
And sing the shades of night away ;

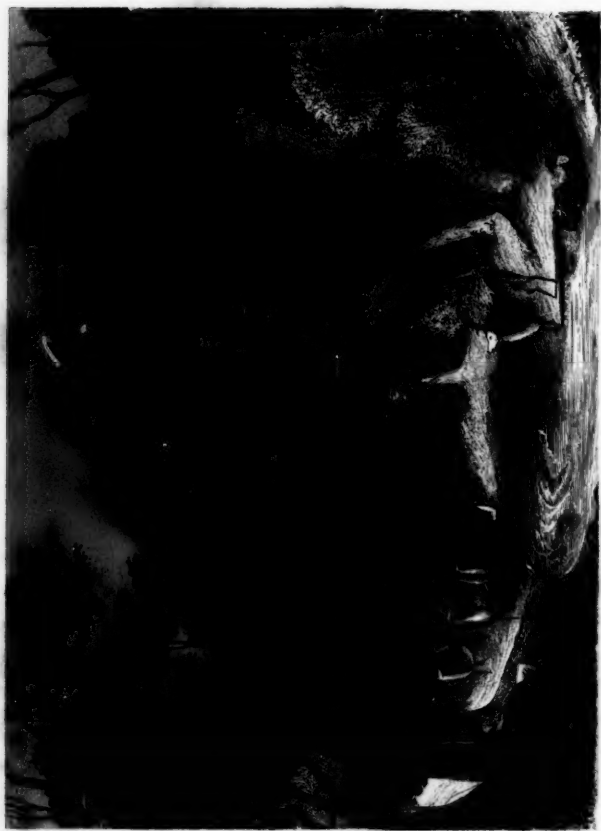
To fill with liquid notes the air,
As though heaven's echoes lingered there !

O that I were some forest tree,
That, standing in sequestered shade,
Might form a summer bower for thee
To sit beneath my ample shade !
The whispering breeze should bid thee, sweet,
Glad welcome to my lone retreat.

O that I were some seraph bright
To guard and cheer thee on thy way ;
To hover round thee, love, by night,
And sweetly smile on thee by day ;
To gladden thee when bowed with care,
And on my wings a blessing bear !

By Death's cold hand when snatched away
To sleep beneath the dreary tomb, —
When Death's sad messenger, Decay,
Had robbed thee of thy youthful bloom, —
Might then the bliss to me be given
To waft thy sainted soul to heaven !





The Forest of Arden

FOREST OF ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, AND LORDS.

1 *Lord.* THE melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor, sequestered stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,

Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S.

But what said Jaques ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;

“ Poor deer,” quoth he, “ thou mak’st a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which had too much.” Then being there alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friend :

“ ’Tis right,” quoth he ; “ thus misery doth part

The flux of company.” Anon, a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

And never stays to greet him.

THE JEWELLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

It was a day of great interest in the quiet little country town of Oakbury. Mrs. Everett was about to give a dinner party. Now, Mrs. Everett was one of those

“Lean-jointured widows who seldom draw corks,
Whose teaspoons do duty for knives and for forks.”

To give a dinner party at all was a remarkable event on her part ; still more so to invite Sir Thomas and Lady Chisholm, who lived in good style in the neighborhood of Oakbury, and, above all, to invite them when Colonel and Lady Charlotte Huntley were staying on a visit to them, and to venture on the desperate step of sending a card to the fashionable London couple. That the invitation should ever have been sent was matter of wonder ; that it should have been accepted, still more so. Some envy was excited by Mrs. Everett's

success; but not so much so as if, after the usual custom of country-town ladies, she had invited no one but the clergyman and physician of the place to meet her brilliant guests. Mrs. Everett asked seven of her relations to dinner, all of whom felt a peculiar wish to see and to converse with the colonel and his lady. Oakbury was a dull, primitive, little town; indeed, it must of course have been so to have felt any excitement about such a trifling matter as Mrs. Everett's dinner party; and my readers may reasonably wonder what link could possibly exist between its denizens and the stylish pair to whom I have alluded which could make them so desirous of an introduction; yet such a link there was. Colonel and Lady Charlotte Huntley were in the habit of continually meeting in London with Rosamond Sutton, the beautiful heiress of the wealthy jeweller, who, in right of her own loveliness and her father's riches, was a welcome guest in the first society; and, strange to say, Mrs. Everett and her family party were all of them connected by first or second cousinship with the jeweller, who had actually achieved the difficult point of making his wealth talked about in London.

Many years ago James Sutton, then a young lad, was smitten with the ambition of going up to London and making his fortune there. His parents were dead; and none of his relations interfered to prevent him from

doing as he wished. In fact, London to the inhabitants of Oakbury at that time was what California is to the rest of the world at the present day — a place where gold was considered certain to be within the reach of those who had courage to stretch out their hands to grasp at it. Sutton had an old schoolfellow settled in London; and from him he doubted not that he should immediately be able to obtain information of at least a dozen different roads to fortune.

As for the story of Whittington, although Sutton had more than once read it attentively, it fell far short of realizing his ambitious ideas. To be lord mayor for a year, and then to relinquish his golden glories, would not at all have met his views; no, he trusted that he should eventually be able not only to gain, but to maintain, a firm footing in the world's high places, live in a series of perpetual banquets, and associate on familiar terms with the nobles of the land. Strange aspirations these for a moneyless youth reared in a fourth-rate country town — aspirations which some of his friends concluded would terminate in an unlimited shower of gold and others in a leap from Blackfriars' Bridge; neither of these conjectures, however, seemed likely to be verified. Sutton, soon after his arrival in London, established himself as assistant to a working jeweller; and year after year he remained with him, paying an

annual visit to his friends at Oakbury; and, in return to the condolence that he received touching his humble position in the great city of London, he constantly replied that "it was a difficult thing to gain even a tolerable start in life, and that he was disposed to think that he had been very fortunate in doing so well as he had done." Years passed on; and, although they did not improve Sutton's position in life, they greatly improved his personal appearance — he became decidedly good looking; and, in one of his visits to his native town, a certain Miss Margaretta Sutton, who ranked among his many cousins, gave him such unequivocal tokens of her partiality that he was obliged to confide to another lady cousin, who was the chosen intimate of his enamoured fair one, his intention of "only marrying to improve his circumstances." Now again could the good people of Oakbury see the probability that a golden shower might eventually descend on the head of their adventurous townsman. Unluckily, old Willis, the working jeweller, was a bachelor; he had no daughter to dower, no wife who might become his wealthy relict; these roads to story-book prosperity were closed to Sutton; but still London abounded with heiresses, — at least so thought the unsophisticated people of Oakbury, — and they doubted not that Sutton would soon be successful in gaining

"A weel-tochered lass or jointured widow."

Sutton, however, seemed destined to fall short of his own ambitious views and to disappoint those of his friends. His marriage was no very brilliant affair, after all; he united himself with a plain, quiet widow, some years his senior, having a life income of three hundred a year. This income, nevertheless, amply sufficed for the expenses of Sutton's frugal establishment, even when his family was increased by the birth of the little Rosamond, of whom honorable mention has already been made. Shortly after Sutton's marriage the jeweller, feeling of course a greater inclination to befriend him when he knew that he was independent of his assistance, received him into partnership; but still Sutton spent not an additional five-pound note in consequence of his increased exchequer. His wife was naturally retiring and economical, and was quite reconciled to the thrift of her husband when he told her that it was necessary to lay by a portion for the infant Rosamond, as the income of each of her parents would cease with their life. Sutton continued his annual visits to Oakbury, where his wife was much liked and the beauty of his little daughter extremely admired; in fact, his marriage turned out no bad speculation—for the painstaking, money-loving old Willis would have shrunk from the idea of enriching a couple who seemed to have the least

taste for spending money when they had got it. Mrs. Sutton was the counterpart of her prudent husband; the little Rosamond was brought up with an extremely limited knowledge of toys, bonbons, and necklaces; and, when the prudent old jeweller departed this life ten years after the union had taken place which had given him so much satisfaction, it appeared that he had left behind him a substantial token of his approbation of the tactics of the economical pair in the shape of a properly signed and witnessed parchment whereby he bequeathed the whole of his property of every description to his esteemed partner, James Sutton. Whether the surprise of sudden wealth was too much for the nerves of Mrs. Sutton I cannot say; but certain it is that her health at this time began rapidly to decline, and that Sutton was a widower in a very few months after he became an heir. Doubtless, had his wife died before his benefactor he would have bitterly and deeply mourned for the loss of her — three hundred a year. As it was, he bore his troubles with edifying resignation; he had never really loved any being on earth but himself and his daughter, and brilliant prospects now seemed to be opening to both of them. A magnificent jeweller's shop in a fashionable street at the west end of the town shortly gave visible signs of Sutton's wealth; the windows blazed with gems; enraptured pedestrians

stopped to cast longing looks on the treasures thus temptingly displayed to them, and a throng of splendid carriages crowded the door. Sutton engaged an elegant private residence; and an accomplished and highly-salaried governess undertook the education of his daughter, assisted by a bevy of "professors" of all sorts of arts, sciences, and languages. I am sorry to say that as soon as Sutton became wealthy he also became forgetful of his old friends at Oakbury; his summer visits were now paid to the continent; and the correspondence which his wife had so patiently and indefatigably kept up with Mrs. Everett, Mrs. Mullins, Miss Colyton, and half a dozen other cousins, was suffered to fall to the ground. Deeply did the inhabitants of Oakbury lament that their townsman should become lost to them just as they had reason to feel proud of him; they could not console themselves by saying it was "the way of the world," for of the world and its ways they knew nothing — Oakbury at that time being unable to boast even of a literary institution or a railway to London.

Years rolled on; the jeweller's wealth gathered like a snowball; the governess retired on an annuity, Rosamond took the head of her father's table; they removed into a larger house and engaged additional carriages and servants. Various "nymphs of quality" had "admired" or affected to admire the jeweller; but none of

their spells was successful; he openly declared his resolution never to marry and his intention that none but a man of rank should marry his daughter. There was small difficulty apparently in bringing about this arrangement; the jeweller's wealth was sufficient to purchase half a dozen scions of quality; but his daughter and himself were particular in their choice, and Rosamond did not, as was predicted, marry in her first season. That first season was just over. Rosamond had lent the light of her countenance to the Book of Beauty, had been celebrated by fashionable poets, and panegyrized in fashionable newspapers.

Mrs. Everett could no longer resist the craving desire she felt to behold and to exhibit to others the noted beauty to whom she was allied; letter after letter of solicitation was sent to the long-obdurate jeweller, till at length, fairly worn out by the tenacity of his country cousin, he very reluctantly promised that his daughter and himself should spend a couple of days at Mrs. Everett's house in their way to visit a titled friend in the north. Like most pleasures to which people have eagerly looked forward, this visit proved a disappointment to the people of Oakbury; the good-natured, unassuming Sutton had been converted by prosperity into "a very magnificent, three-tailed bashaw," making constant allusions to the marquises and viscounts with

whom he seemed to live on the most intimate terms, patronizing the cousins who used to patronize him, and condescendingly praising the viands which he once esteemed it a great favor to be invited to partake of. Rosamond was still more changed; the timid, plainly-dressed, simple-mannered child was now a brilliant, graceful girl of fashion, dressed in the extreme of the mode, playing and singing like a professor, (according to the Oakbury ideas of a professor,) and talking incessantly of operas, fancy balls, and public breakfasts. The French waiting maid of Rosamond and the Swiss valet of her father acquitted themselves still less to the satisfaction of Oakbury than their superiors; unfortunately, they could both speak English well enough to be understood, and their criticisms on the discomforts and shortcomings of Mrs. Everett's establishment — all faithfully reported to that lady by her housemaid — were peculiarly pointed and expressive. It was a relief to all parties when the visit came to an end; and it was never repeated. Still, however, the jeweller and his daughter were regarded by the people of Oakbury in the light of a property; and they made them a constant subject of conversation when in company with new acquaintance.

There was a little bathing-place at a convenient distance from Oakbury, consisting of a dozen cottages,

three villas, a few shops, a library, and a couple of hotels, where in the autumn a tolerable number of persons were wont to congregate. And here Sutton's Oakbury relatives particularly shone. They were continually repeating anecdotes of the rich jeweller and his fascinating daughter, unsparingly heaping upon them all sorts of private good qualities in addition to their publicly known advantages; indeed, they appeared qualified to draw their characters with fidelity, since, according to their own account, Sutton was in the habit of asking advice on matters of importance from all the elderly men of Oakbury, and his daughter was the bosom friend of all the young ladies in it. Latterly, however, they had felt a great wish to add to their stock of anecdotes from some authentic source of information; and Mrs. Everett obtained great credit from having originated the bold stroke of inviting the London couple to her house. Her invitation was accepted because Sir Thomas Chisholm had a nephew on the point of standing for the county, and wished to cultivate the good graces of his country neighbors; and for the same reason Sir Thomas and Lady Chisholm and their accommodating visitors took their places at Mrs. Everett's board in the most amiable of all possible moods, resolved to please and be pleased; and, when they found that their hostess was particularly anxious to talk about Rosamond Sutton,

they showed themselves perfectly willing to keep up the ball of conversation just as long as she wished.

"In my opinion," said Mrs. Everett, "Rosamond is a model of beauty and excellence; but perhaps as a near relation I may be allowed to be partial."

"I cannot admit that you show any partiality," replied Lady Charlotte. "Miss Sutton quite verifies the character you give of her; the Marchioness of Arlingford was lately observing to me that Miss Sutton was not only one of the most beautiful girls in London, but that her mind and manners would render her attractive even if she were deprived of every personal recommendation."

Happy Mrs. Everett! How she triumphed in the success of her dinner party! How she colored with delight at the idea that she was second cousin to a fashionable beauty who had been admired and commended by a marchioness!

"Miss Sutton's lovers," pursued Lady Charlotte, "are, as you may conceive, numerous; many wonder that she still remains unmarried."

"Dear Rosamond!" said Mrs. Mullins, sentimentally, "I am selfish enough to wish that she may continue single; marriage so often estranges a girl from her family."

If marriage could have estranged Rosamond Sutton

from her family more than she was estranged already it would, indeed, have brought about a great marvel.

"Her offers of marriage," said Colonel Huntley, "have all been from men of rank ; it is understood that her father would sanction no other suitors."

"I should think not, indeed," said Mrs. Everett, drawing herself up with dignity.

"And even these suitors," continued the colonel, "have a difficult part to play ; for Mr. Sutton is apt to suspect that they are attracted towards his daughter by the charms of her dowry."

"I should hope those mercenary motives are not very common in any rank of life," said Mr. Mullins, who, be it known to my readers, had married an extremely plain, shrewish woman for the sake of her four thousand pounds.

"Lord Robert Ransford," said Lady Charlotte, "had wealth as well as rank, and was, I believe, truly and devotedly attached to Miss Sutton ; but she refused him because she could not reciprocate his attachment."

"Exactly my own feelings," murmured Louisa Mullins, who had for two years been laying desperate siege to a gouty, ill-tempered old miser.

"At present," said Lady Charlotte, "she has two distinguished admirers, who are rivals for her good graces. Lord Belson is reported to stand high in her own good

opinion, the Earl of Eppingham in that of her father. But I am repeating what cannot by any possibility be matter of news to the present party."

"O, surely not," replied Mrs. Everett. "But the subject of dear Rosamond is one of which we are never weary; she and her father occasionally spend a part of the summer with us;" (Mrs. Everett did not absolutely violate truth by this statement, inasmuch as the memorable two days spent with her by the Suttons certainly constituted a part of the summer;) "and I assure you we are eagerly looking forward to their next visit."

"Mr. Sutton," said the colonel, "is a devoted father and an excellent man."

"He is, indeed," sighed Miss Margaretta Sutton, the cousin who five and twenty years before had fixed her youthful affections on the assistant of the working jeweller, and who was now a sharp, sour-looking old maid.

"I am sure we have all reason to say so," said Miss Sutton, her still sharper and sourer-looking elder sister. "I remember the time ——"

Here Colonel Huntley, who thought that remembrance had now gone to its utmost allowable extent, interposed with a remark about the opera house which had the effect of turning the conversation, much to the regret of the Oakbury cousins, who could have talked about Rosamond Sutton and her father till midnight

without showing any signs of weariness. Nevertheless, there was a handsome young man of the party who had studiously avoided taking any share in the discourse; and yet he also was one of the enviable cousins of the heiress. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colyton, had been among the kindest of Sutton's relations — always giving to himself, his wife, and child, in their yearly visits to Oakbury, not only a warm and hospitable welcome, but many acceptable little presents.

A few years after Sutton's inheritance of old Willis's hoards they had both died, leaving a small property to their son, who had just taken orders and accepted a curacy in a neighboring village. Colyton was seven years older than Rosamond Sutton; he had been not only the playfellow, but the protector, of the timid child; he had deeply lamented the cessation of all intercourse with her; and none expected her arrival with more heartfelt interest than himself when she and her father vouchsafed to pay their two days' visit to Mrs. Everett. Yet to no one did Rosamond behave with so little kindness as to Colyton; her relations in general were so perfectly well disposed to consider her as a descending goddess that she could not well avoid infusing a little graciousness into the appropriate dignity of that character; but Colyton, in whose mind, at the moment of meeting, the lapse of time and distinctions of worldly

wealth were annihilated, and who only beheld in his cousin the "little Rosamond" of former days, greeted her with such unquestionable warmth and cordiality that the spoiled beauty, accustomed to the smooth flatteries of the nobles of the land, had become distant and freezing in her manner; and the Lady of Lyons could scarcely have evinced more scorn to the enamoured Claude Melnotte than did the London heiress to the presumptuous country curate. Yet in spite of her disdain she was seldom absent from the thoughts of Colyton; and he listened to the accounts of her splendor and gayety not with pleasure, still less with envy, but with fear lest the temptations of the world might prove fatal to her happiness, and lest she should become the unloved wife of one who might wed her not for herself, but for her riches.

When the ladies retired into the drawing room Lady Charlotte was again beset with eager inquiries on the subject of Rosamond Sutton, to all of which she good naturedly replied; and the "womankind" of Oakbury, who had hitherto only possessed floating and indefinite ideas of the style in which Rosamond lived, were now actually made aware of the color of her carriages and liveries, the costumes which she had worn at fancy balls, and the songs which she had sung at musical parties. At length the evening came to an end. The

Chisholms and Huntleys honored the company they left behind with a very brief notice.

"How fond those people are of talking about the Suttons!" said Lady Charlotte Huntley.

"And really," replied Lady Chisholm, "they have no reason to be fond of the subject; it is years since the Suttons have taken the smallest notice of them."

Not so brief was the conversation in Mrs. Everett's drawing room.

"Really," said Mrs. Everett, taking the lead in discourse, as she had the right of a hostess to do, "when I hear all these particulars of the grandeur of Sutton and his daughter, I am more and more shocked at their ingratitude. Why are we to be informed of all these festivities by strangers? Why are we not to be invited as relations to partake of them?"

"Carriages at command must certainly be a great luxury," said Mr. Richard Sutton, who suffered grievously from rheumatic gout.

"And how delightful to be able to go to fancy balls in character!" exclaimed Louisa Mullins. "Rosamond Sutton appeared at one ball as Anne Boleyn, at another as Psyche, and at a third as the White Lady of Avenel."

"Then how many eligible offers of marriage she seems to have received!" exclaimed Miss Margaretta

Sutton, (who had never received one in her life,) heaving a deep sigh as she spoke.

"It is sad," remarked Mrs. Mullins, looking intently on her daughter, "that, where Nature has made so little distinction between young people, Fortune should make so much."

No one was so ill bred as to contradict Mrs. Mullins's inference; but, in reality, Nature had made a great deal of difference between Miss Mullins and her cousin — the one being clumsy, plain, and dull; while the other was abundantly gifted with grace, beauty, and talent.

"You do not seem to have a word to say on the subject," said Mrs. Everett, sharply addressing Colyton; "and yet I am sure you have been as ungratefully treated as any of us. What kindness was shown to the Suttons by your father and mother and your father's sister! and what repayment of it have you ever had? A word from Sutton to one of his titled friends would, very likely, get you the promise of a good living."

"I am not ambitious, my dear aunt," replied the young man, "and probably am far happier in my state of mediocrity than my London relatives in the midst of their splendor. There are many temptations attendant upon prosperity, and also the great danger of a reverse. We frequently hear of rich men who suddenly become poor; and, in that case, how much happier would it have

been for them, had they, like me, been accustomed to 'range with humble livers in content'!"

"It is absurd," said Mrs. Everett, "to talk of James Sutton ever being a poor man. I should just as soon think of the failure of the Bank of England. He is more likely to be raised than depressed in the world. I suppose he will soon be saluting his daughter as Countess of Eppingham!"

"And forgetting his best and earliest friends," said Miss Margareta, spitefully, "in the distribution of cake and cards. I dare say we shall only hear of the marriage through the newspapers."

The next morning Colyton, at an early hour, entered the simple, pretty little cottage of his maiden aunt. Miss Colyton had been invited to join Mrs. Everett's dinner party; but indisposition had prevented her. She was a remarkably amiable person, intelligent, sweet tempered, and unaffectedly religious; she was charitable to the poor on a small income, and was a great favorite with her equals; for she possessed the difficult art of giving advice without giving offence, and the still more difficult art of knowing when to refrain from giving it at all. None had shown more kindness than herself to Sutton and his daughter in former days; but she never complained of their ingratitude nor envied their prosperity.

"I tremble for poor Rosamond," she said, when her nephew had given her an account of the party of the preceding day. "Thrown into the vortex of the world, without a hand to restrain her or a voice to warn her of its dangers, I can scarcely venture to hope that she will escape unhurt. Truly did Bishop Latimer say, 'He was justly accounted a skilful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by the world.'"

Two days from this time Mr. Mullins was leisurely and composedly unfolding the newspaper. Had he indulged Mrs. Mullins or Louisa with the first reading of it they would unquestionably have turned to the marriages, that they might have ascertained if Rosamond Sutton had yet become a countess; and, failing of making any discovery in that quarter, they would have sought for an account of fashionable festivities, to learn if she had appeared in any new character at a fancy ball. Mr. Mullins, however, did neither of these things; he turned, as was his constant custom, to the list of bankrupts.

Surprising! Could he really trust the evidence of his own eyes? Was it, could it be, the fact that James Sutton figured among the bankrupts? Sutton, so wealthy that he was worth incalculable sums, and so

honorable that "his word would pass for more than he was worth," could Sutton indeed be degraded, penniless — nay, worse than penniless?

In another part of the paper was a confirmation of this statement in the shape of a paragraph expressing much astonishment at the unlooked-for event; but hinting at a speculation in railroads as the cause of it. Railroads are certainly very convenient things, both in novels and real life. Whenever a man becomes suddenly and unaccountably ruined, railroad speculations are constantly seized upon as the solution of the mystery, and nobody ever thinks of questioning it.

Mr. Mullins speedily made the results of his morning reading known to Mrs. Mullins and Louisa; and they eagerly set out, in a sharp, drizzling rain, to spread the intelligence through Oakbury.

The feelings of Sutton's relations were of a mixed kind. It was quite clear that they must abstain from all future boasting on the subject of the jeweller and his daughter. They must appear with greatly diminished consequence at their favorite little watering-place; but still there were counterbalancing advantages in the matter.

Rochefoucauld says that "there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not displease us." Now, Sutton was not the "best friend" of any

body in Oakbury. He had wounded the pride of his family by his long-continued neglect; and so far from being a displeasing, it was rather an agreeable, reflection that he had sunk decidedly beneath them, inasmuch that he was oppressed by the weight of innumerable debts, while they had got their receipted Christmas bills snugly ensconced in their writing desks or secretaries.

Miss Margaretta Sutton was peculiarly alive to this feeling, and talked so much about her "lucky escape in not marrying James Sutton" that she almost persuaded herself—although she failed in persuading her auditors—that she really had once had the option of doing so.

Colyton and his aunt were the only persons who truly felt grieved at the intelligence that their dignified townsman had thus abruptly "fallen from his high estate."

"Poor Rosamond!" concluded Colyton, after half an hour's conversation, in which not one ill-natured or self-righteous remark had been made by himself or his companion. "How sad a change for her! How soon will she have cause to experience the fallacy of the friendship of the world!"

"Let us hope," said Miss Colyton, "that there is a bright side to the question, and that this misfortune may prove a blessing to our dear Rosamond. Well and truly has Wordsworth said,—

'The shower whose reckless burden weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.'"

* * * * *

The jeweller and his daughter were seated in one of the smallest rooms of the splendid house from which they were soon to take their departure forever. Three weeks had elapsed since Sutton's bankruptcy had been proclaimed, and the fashionable world had behaved just as badly as the most bitter satirist or the most gloomy cynic could have predicted. The young friends who had "loved Rosamond as a sister," the matrons who had "regarded her as a daughter," the elderly men of fashion who had "wished themselves young for her sake," the lover of her own choice, the lover of her father's recommendation,—all were seized with a sudden unanimity of purpose which induced them to think that the very kindest way of consoling the Suttons in their trouble was to leave them entirely to themselves. Too true is it, that, when Poverty comes in it at the door, Friendship is to the full as ready as Love to jump out of the window.

"Next week, dearest Rosamond," said poor Sutton, "we must remove from this house. I cannot quit London; I have many arrangements to make in my confused affairs. We must separate for a time; and happy

am I to say that a friend has kindly offered to take charge of you."

"The Marchioness of Arlingford?" eagerly inquired Rosamond.

The lady to whom she alluded was the aunt of her favored admirer, Lord Belson, and had always professed the warmest affection for her.

"The marchioness has neither called nor written," said Sutton, dryly, "since she heard of our misfortunes."

"I am glad," said Rosamond, with a sigh, "that we have even a solitary friend remaining; but I am perfectly unable to guess her name."

"She is one of our relations at Oakbury," replied her father.

"Mrs. Everett, no doubt," said Rosamond, reddening. "Dear father, do not accept her invitation. She, who was so fawning and servile in our prosperity, will indemnify herself for our neglect of her by her malicious triumph over us in our adversity."

"Fear not, Rosamond," replied her father; "the letter does not come from Mrs. Everett, but from a very different person. You need apprehend no ungenerous triumph from *her*. I experienced many instances of friendship from her in former days; and you also, young as you were at the time of our intimacy, can have no difficulty in calling to mind the kindness that

she always showed towards you. We have both forgotten her for a time ; but this letter will show that in our trials she has not forgotten us."

And he put into Rosamond's hand a letter, which, as my readers have doubtless ere this conjectured, came from the warmhearted and sympathizing Miss Colyton.

* * * * *

Poor Miss Colyton ! she had done a really kind and disinterested deed in offering Rosamond shelter and protection till her father had adjusted his most pressing difficulties ; but every body in Oakbury with the exception of her nephew, who was just as kind and disinterested as herself, highly disapproved of the course she was pursuing. Her conduct was by turns designated as "mean spirited," "romantic," and "pharisaical;" all possible and impossible evils were predicted as the result of Rosamond's residence in her house ; it might have seemed that, like Christabel, (only that none of the Oakbury people had ever read Christabel,) she was on the point of inviting an evil spirit to cross her threshold in the guise of a beautiful lady. Miss Colyton, however, was undismayed by all these denunciations ; she knew that she was performing her duty in showing kindness to the friendless, deserted Rosamond ; and the love that she had borne towards her when she was an engaging, artless child, rendered that duty a pleasure to her.

Rosamond arrived on the appointed day, conducted by her father, who, after warmly and cordially expressing his thanks to Miss Colyton, took his departure ; and the flattered London beauty, with a limited quantity of luggage and no waiting maid, was left to domesticate herself as best she could in a very small quiet cottage, an elderly single lady her only companion, and two plain, neat country girls her only attendants. Rosamond's trials, however, came not from those within the house, but from those without it ; the perpetual wonder expressed by Mrs. Everett regarding the imprudence of her father, the sneering condolence of Miss Margaretta Sutton touching the defection of her lovers, Mrs. Mullins's ceaseless questions whether she did not sadly miss her carriages and servants, and Louisa Mullins's unwearied curiosity to learn the minutest particulars of the costumes of Anne Boleyn, Psyche, and the White Lady of Avenel, — these were indeed hard to bear ; but Rosamond came through the ordeal wonderfully well. In the first place, she was four years older than when she enacted the descending goddess on her former visit to Oakbury ; increasing years had brought with them increased good taste and feeling ; and she would not now, under any circumstances, have received with hauteur the fussy attentions of Mrs. Everett, or chilled with disdain the warm-hearted regard of Colyton. Secondly, she had suffered

adversity; she had tried the world's friendship, and found it wanting; her fancy, although not her heart, had been engaged to Lord Belson; and when his conduct clearly evinced that his motives for seeking her hand had been merely of a mercenary character, she felt grateful for her escape, and disposed to think that honest good will, or even undisguised indifference, was preferable to the smooth, honeyed declarations of affection and devotion which had really never existed. Therefore was Rosamond Sutton disposed to love and respect the quiet, unassuming Miss Colyton, whose kindness to her was so unquestionably disinterested; and therefore was she ready to tolerate even the occasional impertinence of a few of the Oakbury denizens, because she felt impertinence to be far superior to insincerity. Rosamond, however, was not long destined to suffer impertinence, for the Oakbury people soon began to like her very well indeed; they were selfish, shallow, and narrow minded; but none of them, not even Miss Margarett Sutton, possessed that inherent and bitter spirit of malignity, utterly incapable of being disarmed by inoffensiveness and gentleness. The Oakbury people had long entertained a most exaggerated idea of Rosamond's luxurious habits and splendid appointments; and they would have been ready to believe any one who had asserted of her as Fag does of Lydia Languish, in the comedy

of *The Rivals*, that her thread papers were made of bank notes, and that she fed her parrot with small pearls ! Then they had ascertained that the creditors of a bankrupt laid no claim to the "vanities" of a lady's wardrobe ; therefore, if they had been required to put their thoughts into words, they would have predicted that Rosamond would have descended to breakfast in brocaded silk and Valenciennes lace, paid morning visits in a white satin pelisse, and gone to tea drinkings in a silver gauze dress : as for her daily employments, they supposed that they would principally consist in painting greenhouse exotics and singing Italian bravuras. Rosamond, however, like all sensible persons, knew that fine dresses and fine ways would neither suit her fallen fortunes nor the locality in which for the present she seemed destined to remain ; and Oakbury soon discovered, to its very great surprise, that the fashionable beauty wore muslin dresses and a straw bonnet worked with a needle, and sang English ballads. I do not mean to say that Rosamond accommodated herself without an effort to her new mode of living ; she felt the want of many luxuries which to her seemed necessities of existence ; she lamented the deprivation of literary institutions, galleries of pictures, and concerts of fine music ; and she missed the conversation of the world ; for, trifling and superficial as it often was, it at least

boasted the charm of variety and of refinement. She was accustomed to hear of the most interesting private and public events while the bloom of novelty was fresh upon them ; and it was wearying to her to listen to the perpetual rapid gossip of Oakbury, where the new shawl of a tradesman's wife, or the rose-colored ribbons of a housemaid, furnished matter for half an hour's discussion. But Rosamond had, like the princesses in fairy tales, "a great deal of wit," which in fairy-tale phraseology signifies quickness of apprehension ; she felt that the gay world was nothing to her, and that the kind, feeling Miss Colyton was worth the whole of "her dear five hundred friends ;" nay, she did justice to a much lower grade of good will, and called to mind that while Mrs. Everett deemed no tea party complete without "Rosamond and her music book," and Louisa Mullins arranged the proceedings of every picnic excursion with the view of "a nice point for Rosamond to sketch from," the Lady Claras and Lady Emilys, who had vowed eternal friendship for her, were now quite oblivious of her existence ; and if they thought of her singing and sketching at all, it would only be to deplore that she did both in too commonplace a style to compete with any of the accomplished prodigies who embellish the governess column of the Times. I have, however, a still better reason to give for Rosamond's increasing

satisfaction with her situation ; she could not but feel that while the lover selected for her by her father was taking a continental tour, and the lover encouraged by herself was paying his addresses to the deformed daughter of a rich city mercer, Colyton, the kind companion and protector of her childhood, whom she had treated with disdain during her prosperity, — Colyton was unwearied in his endeavors to amuse and interest her, and to prevent her mind from dwelling on her recent trials.

Colyton was a daily visitor at the house of his aunt ; he lent books to Rosamond, sang duets with her, accompanied her in her walks, and predicted that brighter days were yet in store for her dear father. Thus wore away the winter ; the letter that Rosamond received from her father was written in a tranquil spirit, and the arrangement of his affairs was, he said, advancing quite as satisfactorily as he had any right to expect it would do.

Spring came. Miss Colyton was sitting alone, when Miss Margaretta Sutton was announced.

"I wonder where Rosamond is," said the visitor, looking round.

"She will not be at home for some time," replied Miss Colyton ; "she has gone to take a long walk with my nephew."

"I thought so," said Miss Margaretta, forgetting that

her "thinking so" was rather at variance with her previously expressed wonder on the subject of the "whereabout" of Rosamond. "I must say, Anne, that I am quite surprised at your blindness."

"In what respect?" quietly inquired Miss Colyton.

"Why, in regard to the attachment so evidently forming, or formed, between your nephew and Rosamond Sutton," answered Miss Margaretta.

"Who told you that I was blind to it?" asked Miss Colyton, smiling.

"My dear Anne," exclaimed Miss Margaretta, "surely you cannot but recollect that Rosamond Sutton has no independent fortune, and that a bankrupt's daughter has no claim to a shilling."

"I am perfectly aware of both these facts," replied Miss Colyton. "My nephew has a small income; and as it is enough for the moderate comforts of life, and as he will inherit my little property at my death, I think that, if the young people are satisfied with their prospects, we have no right to interfere with their choice."

"But if Colyton thinks he can afford to marry without money," persisted Miss Margaretta, "why cannot he fix on Louisa Mullins, who is just as nearly related to him as Rosamond Sutton, and whom he has seen almost every day from her childhood?"

"Simply because he loves the one and not the other," answered Miss Colyton.

"And how do you know that James Sutton will approve of the way in which you have disposed of his daughter's hand without consulting him?" asked Miss Margaretta, in a slightly raised key.

"I have not done so without consulting him," Miss Colyton replied.

"Then depend upon it," said Miss Margaretta, triumphantly, "he will immediately summon his daughter back to London. Do you think he will allow her to throw herself away upon a poor curate? She is a beautiful girl, (it was the first time that Miss Margaretta had ever allowed her to be so,) and I dare say he will manage to get an outfit and an introduction for her, and export her to India."

"I do not think he had ever any design of that kind," said Miss Colyton; "at all events, if he had, he has cheerfully relinquished it, and given his ready consent to his daughter's marriage with my nephew."

"And do you really mean to say," exclaimed the angry Miss Margaretta, "that a marriage is arranged to take place between two of my relations, and that I am the last person to be informed of it?"

"I mean to say no such thing," replied Miss Colyton; "Mr. Sutton's consent only arrived this morning; and

therefore, Margaretta, you are the first person to be informed of the intended marriage, as indeed I had determined you should be at all events; and had you not happened to call upon me, I should have been a visitor at your house in the course of an hour for the purpose of giving you the information."

Miss Colyton was never in the habit of telling polite untruths; she really meant what she had just said; she knew that whoever received the first tidings of the proposed marriage would disseminate it through Oakbury before sunset; and, as she thought that Miss Margaretta was the person whose good will would be the most difficult to conciliate, she had resolved to bestow upon her the empty honor of being the original proclaimer of the news, judging rightly that nothing would so much tend to disarm all unamiable feelings on her part. The event proved the wisdom of the course she had pursued. Miss Margaretta took a hasty leave of her, hoping that after all the affair would turn out better than she had expected, and paid a round of visits at Oakbury to tell the news, saying that it was the particular wish of her dear Anne Colyton that she should do so, and hinting that she had all along been in the confidence of the young couple, and that, as their hearts seemed set upon the matter, she did not know but that it was better to let them take their own way. All received the commu-

nication in very good part. Louisa Mullins had lately been staying with a friend tolerably well married, who was some years older and much plainer than herself, and had consequently risen so highly in her own estimation that she openly declared she would never marry without fifty pounds a year pin money and a one-horse chaise. Therefore she was perfectly well satisfied to relinquish all chance of Colyton, and turned her thoughts with much amiability towards working an ottoman for his destined bride. Mrs. Everett resolved to make the young people a present of a silver cake basket and plenty of good advice; others were no less gracious; and the same set of people who a year ago had secretly envied and disliked Rosamond and her father were now well pleased to befriend and assist the former and even expressed their hopes that the latter would "now and then come to see his daughter and take a peep at his old friends."

* * * * *

A month had elapsed, and Rosamond's wedding day was approaching; she was staying in London, at the request of her father, who wished daily to see her, but could not spare time from his affairs to visit her at Oakbury. He had procured her an invitation from the wife of his solicitor, Mr. Benwell. Rosamond had never seen Mr. Benwell above two or three times, and had

never seen Mrs. Benwell at all ; she was a plain, commonplace person, and lived in a small house in a street near Bloomsbury Square ; but Rosamond had been quite cured of fine ladyism during her stay at Oakbury, and made herself so very agreeable that Mrs. Benwell quite regretted that her wedding could not be deferred for a month longer. Rosamond, indeed, was perfectly happy ; her lover came several times to London to see her ; and her father was not only looking remarkably well, but was in excellent spirits ; in fact, he, like herself, seemed improved by adversity ; there was no longer the least vestige of the "three-tailed bashaw" about him ; there were no allusions to noblemen, no talk about eligible matches. He inquired kindly and repeatedly about his Oakbury friends and relations ; and to his son-in-law elect his manner was every thing that could be wished — cordial, confiding, and affectionate.

The wedding day arrived. Rosamond, attired with simple elegance, was given away by her father. The Benwell family alone were present, Mrs. Benwell's niece officiating as bridesmaid ; and they returned to a quiet little collation at the Bloomsbury domicile. The young couple, who lacked money for the usual honeymoon indulgence of a continental trip, had thought of immediately returning home ; but Sutton had laughingly declared that he must retain possession of them for a few

days, and that, if they resigned themselves to his guidance, he would venture to say that their time should pass pleasantly. They willingly acceded to his request, anticipating a sojourn of two or three days at one of the villages near London. Leave was taken of the friendly Benwells; and the bride was handed by her father to the carriage waiting at the door, which proved to be not the hired conveyance which had taken them to church, but a new and very elegant barouche. No remark was made by any one; but both the bride and bridegroom felt rather uncomfortable at the unexpected splendor of their transit. Each formed a different opinion on the subject. Rosamond concluded that her father had borrowed the carriage "for that day only" from one of his great friends who had not quite thrown him off; and she was sorry that he should have laid himself under such an obligation. Colyton, on the other hand, remembering all he had heard of the magnificent tastes of his father-in-law, was apprehensive that, having saved a few hundreds out of the wreck of his property, he was only anxious immediately to dissipate them.

The coachman, who appeared to have received his orders, drove to a house in Hyde Park Gardens; here Sutton alighted, kindly welcomed his daughter and son-in-law, and led them up stairs to a tastefully-furnished suite of drawing rooms.

"Has this house been lent to you by a friend, my dear father?" inquired the astonished bride.

"No, Rosamond," replied her father. "I have not a friend in the world who is likely to lend me so much as a fire screen or a hearth brush; and, happily, I can very well dispense with their good offices. This house is my own, and therefore yours; may you both live long and happily in it!"

"But my dear sir," suggested his son-in-law, "is there not some mistake? It is so short a time since your fortunes were under a cloud that ——"

"You mean, I suppose," said the jeweller, "to say that, as I have recently become a bankrupt, I cannot fairly possess the means of living in such a house as this. Under ordinary circumstances such might be the case; but mine is a bankruptcy of a peculiar description."

Again did the young couple draw a different conclusion from Sutton's speech. Rosamond imagined that her father must be speaking in jest, not knowing what peculiar kind of bankruptcy *that* could be which would enable its victim to live in Hyde Park Gardens. Colyton was more enlightened on the subject; he had heard of fraudulent bankruptcies, where the supposed sufferer came out of his troubles a great deal richer than before he got into them; but it grieved him to think that Ros-

amond's father should be one of those, and it greatly surprised him that he should have the hardihood to avow it.

"I will explain the mystery of my bankruptcy in as few words as possible," said Sutton. "A year ago I was very desirous of quitting business and investing my property in the funds; but the enormous sums owing to me seemed to defy all my powers to call them in; they would not 'come when I did call for them.' You have heard, Colyton, that my brilliant tiaras sparkle in the flowing tresses of duchesses and marchionesses, and that my bracelets and rings encircle the slender wrists and snowy fingers of countless court maidens; and possibly you in your happy ignorance may imagine that these valuables were all paid for on delivery, or at least that a settlement took place every Christmas. Not so; there is many a Lady Townley in the present day who loses at cards the money destined to defer her just debts. How could I dun my fair creditors when I and my daughter were on visiting terms with them? Could I threaten the Marchioness of Arlingford with arrest when her nephew was inditing love sonnets to Rosamond? Could I declare that I would expose Lady Emily Tracey to the world when I was anxiously endeavoring to promote a marriage between my daughter and her brother? I determined on a fictitious bank-

ruptcy; my assignees have gathered in all that is owing to me; my affairs are completely settled; and I am at this moment, in mercantile phrase, 'as good a man as ever.' "

"But, my dear father," exclaimed Rosamond, "why did you not admit a few friends into your secret?"

"Because," said her father, "it would then have speedily ceased to be any secret at all, and because, Rosamond, I had a double view in my bankruptcy. I wished not only to get my accounts paid, but to try the truth of my professing friends and your fair-speaking lovers. I had always been haunted by the fear that you would be married rather for your fortune than yourself. Here was an opportunity of testing the disinterestedness of all the young men who had said, in the words of the old song in Lionel and Clarissa, 'O, talk not to me of the wealth she possesses!' The experiment succeeded; and I had cause to feel so much displeased with my friends that I began to feel very much displeased with myself, and to think that I had done unwisely in lifting my daughter and myself out of the sphere in which we had been accustomed to move for the sake of associating with people who merely tolerated us on account of our wealth, and who cast us off directly we ceased to possess it. Then I thought of Oakbury and of the many happy days I had enjoyed there during the lifetime of my wife,

when every body believed our means to be very moderate and sought our society solely for the sake of ourselves. Just then came in the kindest of letters from the excellent Anne Colyton ; and most happy was I, Rosamond, to reflect that you would have the advantage of residing for a few months under the roof of so admirable a person ; for, while I was blaming myself a great deal, I could not help blaming you a little and thinking that you had been the spoiled child of prosperity, and that a short season in the school of adversity would do you a great deal of good. My wishes have been promptly fulfilled ; not only have you gained an invaluable friend and many well wishers by your visit to Oakbury, but a true and disinterested lover. You will pardon me, my dear Colyton, for trying your disinterestedness to the very last point. I have heard of instances where the lovers of penniless beauties thought better of a foolish business even at the altar."

"Not when so charming a bride as Rosamond was standing at it, I conjecture," replied the young man. "But surely, my dear sir, you might have imparted your secret to your daughter."

"My good young friend," said the jeweller, "you entertain a very high opinion of Rosamond, and so do I ; but still she is but a woman ; and it has always been my opinion that there is only one secret which a woman can

be trusted to keep — that of her own age." (At the time this conversation occurred the new census had not taken place, otherwise Sutton would have seen women deprived of the power of keeping even that solitary secret.) "Besides," he continued, "I wished to try Rosamond's stability as well as your own. She believed that 'her face was her fortune;' and I imagined she might consider that so very pretty a face entitled her to expect no trifling fortune in exchange. And now, having finished all my explanations, let me again welcome you to the house which I hope you will share with me. You must give up your country curacy, Colyton; you will find that the gay world stands much in need of your admonitions, and I trust that it will profit by them. In two or three days we will all visit Oakbury; and you shall tell your dear aunt in person of your changed prospects."

And they *did* visit Oakbury; and great was the bustle and the excitement of that happy little town when the important news was circulated through it. Sutton was full of kindness and cordiality to his old friends; and not only did he warmly invite them to come and see him in London, but he made purchase of a pretty house and grounds, about half a mile from Oakbury, to which he promised that himself, his daughter, and her husband would pay frequent visits, if Miss Colyton would favor

him by taking up her residence there. This she agreed to do; nor was she the only person who experienced the liberality of their old townsman. Every silver cake basket, worked ottoman, china jar, or papier maché portfolio that had been given to the curate's affianced bride was returned to the donor in presents of large value; and these were all received with pleasure, because they were not given in a spirit of patronage and ostentation, but were offered as tokens of friendship and good will.

Five years have now elapsed; Colyton is a celebrated preacher at a London chapel, and has, as his father-in-law predicted, been the cause of great benefit to many of his hearers. His wife and himself live happily with the worthy jeweller; and two children are added to the family party, who, to the great delight of Miss Colyton, pass much of their time at the house at Oakbury. As for the Oakbury people, they talk more about the Suttons than ever; but they do it with a far different feeling; the stories of intimacy and regard which they were formerly compelled to improvise have now become matter of fact; and the envy and dissatisfaction lurking in their minds have been exchanged for the truest esteem and regard. Only one evil has resulted from the course that Sutton has pursued — the Oakbury people, never very bright and quickwitted, have become thoroughly

confused and mystified in their ideas touching the stability or instability of men of business. Formerly, if they saw the name of any one they knew in the list of bankrupts, they used to talk of him with pity ; but now they conceive it probable that he is only perpetrating a playful ruse on the "Fair of May Fair," and that, when all his accounts have been duly settled and made over to him, he will, like Sutton, emerge from the temporary clouds that surrounded him. Whether such events are frequent I am not prepared to say ; but the one in question has certainly had the happiest effects in improving the character as well as the fortune of the jeweller, and in gaining a sincere and disinterested lover for the "jeweller's daughter."

STANZAS.

BY ADA TREVANION.

O, DEEM not, when the turf is spread
O'er one long prized and justly dear,
The flowers of love and friendship shed
Their latest fragrance on the bier;
There is a soul-born sympathy
No tears may quench or time remove,
Which joins in mystic unity
The fond below and blest above.

As bounds the bark which breezes sweep,
While waters coldly close around,
Till of her pathway o'er the deep
The shining track no more is found,
Thus floating down Death's silent tide
The best and loveliest of earth
Fleet as that white-winged pageant glide
And leave no record of their worth.

But as the bark, though lost to view,
'Mid scowl of storm or calm of rest,
Takes the lone heart's affection true,
Like holy sunshine, on her breast,
So, when our idols pass from sight,
Our love, if pure, knows not decay ;
It triumphs o'er the grave's dark night,
And mounts with them to realms of day.

Death, who divides all outward ties,
Dissevers not heart linked to heart ;
He does but guard love's sacred prize
From earthly chance and change apart ;
Making it higher, holier seem,
More chastely pure, more heavenly fair ;
As the ice, closing o'er the stream,
Keeps baser things from mingling there.

THE VOYAGE OF THE FANCIES.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

A CREW of bright Fancies, one fair sunny day,
In the bark of the Muses towards heaven sped their
way.

Love and Wit were on board, and a prosperous gale
(A good gift of Apollo) set right in their sail.

Away through the air full of frolic they sped,
Dreary earth left below, happy skies overhead ;
While the gay songs of mirth echoed blithe through the
spheres,
And they well nigh forgot the sad world and its tears.

They had spirits about them ; for when travelled Love
But the Angel of Sorrow-sate brooding above ?
And the Guardian of Earth watched the bales that
were stored

Full of fair human interests for ballast on board.

Up away, up away, through the clear sunny blue,
With the wind still in favor, the compass still true,
Not a cloud to o'ershade them, or shut from their sight
The blest haven they sought with its turrets of light,

They went bounding along, till impatient at length
Of the ballast that curbed the wild force in its strength,
And as eager as lightning to press to their mark,
Ere the night should close in with its shrouding of dark,

"What are these," cried a Fancy, "retarding our sails?"
As he spurned 'neath his foot the poor earth-laden bales.
"We should speed twice as swift were these dead
weights away —
Sordid clods of corruption, vile compounds of clay!"

To the clearance they went. Scarce a sand grain had
run

In the glass of old Time ere their labor was done;
And away 'gan the bark like an arrow to fly,
But all aimless and vague, through the waste of the sky.

For the ballastless bark by a tempest was crossed,
And the rudder was broken, the compass was lost;
And a heaven-darted bolt of the lightning at last
Those Fancies to earthward avengingly cast.

For think not that earthless the Fancy can soar
To the realms of pure spirit, remembering no more
The dull world and its creatures, but, glorious and bright,
Hurry on its swift course to the regions of light.

But if heavenward thou sail, take as ballast the woe
And the sufferings and pains of thy fellows below ;
For the sole song of earth that to heaven may aspire
Is the song that is hallowed by sympathy's fire.

OLIVIA.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture.

Look you, sir, such a one I was this present :
Is't not well done ? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruelest she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O sir, I will not be so hardhearted; I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty; it shall be inven-



Verme



toried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as items, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

THE STORY OF ANGELIQUE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY.

"Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." — BOOK OF EXODUS.

THIS is not, as at first sight it might appear, an arbitrary threat of vengeance — a declaration of malice instead of justice ; it is simply a declaration that the everlasting laws of cause and effect can never be turned aside. There is no escape possible from an action that has once been done.

That the innocent suffer with the guilty, often instead of them, is not injustice, but only a portion of the immutable law by which every action brings its own consequences, as a tree bears fruit after its kind. There is no chapter of human life more tragically sorrowful than that which relates the sufferings of those who are victims to the deeds of others ; although few, be it said,

are so personally guiltless as not to have quickened or aggravated their sufferings by some error of their own.

The following story, which is in all respects true, bears upon this subject ; it was related to us some years ago by an old physician since dead. He was an excellent man, and remarkable for his skill and sagacity in treating all phases of mental alienation and insanity. He was one of the first who endeavored to strip these terrible afflictions of the mysterious, almost supernatural dread with which they were invested, and to bring back the poor sufferers within the confines of humanity, from which they had been banished by the fear and cruelty their malady inspired. When a young man he resided for some time in Paris, for the sake of attending the lectures of the *Ecole de Medicine* and visiting the hospitals ; and it was during that period he became acquainted with the following history, which we give, as nearly as we can recollect, in his own words :—

“One day,” said he, “I was walking in the court of the *Salpêtrière* along with one of the physicians attached to the hospital ; I was surprised to see a young and very beautiful girl standing near a group of infirm, crone-like old women, such as are the chief inmates of this hospital. She walked with an air of listless abstraction along the paved court, upon which the afternoon sun was pouring its fatigued and dusty rays ; from

time to time she quickened her pace and exhibited a restless and angry impatience as her attention was roused by the conversation of those around her.

“‘What is she doing here?’ I asked of my companion, who, as I told you, was one of the physicians attached to the hospital.

“‘Ah,’ replied he, ‘that lovely creature is one of my insane patients.’

“‘She looks more like an angel than an insane patient,’ I replied with enthusiasm. She wore a white dress; her rich, brown hair fell in natural curls over her shoulders and was confined round her head by a blue fillet; her hands hung loosely before her; and, as she walked, she was constantly twisting her fingers.

“‘Ah, poor child!’ said my companion, whose eyes followed her with a look of compassion; ‘she has been quite mad for more than two years past. She is never easy unless she is moving about; and, as she is quite harmless, I leave her at liberty to go where she chooses about the house and grounds. She seldom, however, comes into this court, for she dislikes to see persons around her. Did you ever behold a face so unutterably sad?’

“‘No; and I pray God that I never may again.

“As we spoke the young girl seated herself upon the steps of the fountain that was in the midst of the court,

gazing vacantly upon the splashing water; and, except for the picking motion of her fingers, she was quiet as a stone.

“‘She cannot be yet twenty. What sorrow can have caused all this?’

“‘It is about as miserable a story,’ replied my companion, ‘as any I have known in the whole course of my five and thirty years’ practice. If you care to hear it I will tell you; but I must first persuade Angelique to go in doors. This sun is far too powerful for her to be sitting under the full blaze of it as she is now doing.’

“He approached and took her hand; she arose like one walking in her sleep and accompanied him into the house.

“‘Now,’ said he, when he returned to me, ‘let us go into my sitting room; there is a good hour before lecture, and I will tell you the history of Angelique.’

“My friend had rooms assigned to him in another part of the hospital, although he only resided in them occasionally. A wrinkled old woman, who looked as if she had stepped out of a Dutch picture, opened the door for us. She had formerly been one of his patients; he had performed a difficult and complicated operation upon her, which was one of the miracles of surgical skill and intrepidity of that day. It had been successful; and the poor creature, who was a widow, had attached

herself to him. He had given her the post of concierge to his apartments in the hospital; and day and night they were kept in readiness for him. She lived in a little room at the head of the stairs; and there she sat with her knitting listening like a dog for the footsteps of her masters. She did not speak as we entered; her awe and admiration kept her dumb; but there was a look of such intense affection and delight when she saw him as I can never forget. Her hand trembled so much as she attempted to unlock the door that he took the key from her and began to praise the comfort and order in which she kept the place. It was a deliciously cool and shady room; every thing was in the exactest order — the books on the shelves round the room, the cases of instruments arranged on the table, and writing materials laid ready for use. The white muslin curtains looked like ball dresses. A glass filled with fresh flowers stood in the window. The bed room adjoining was equally luxurious in its freshness and delicate cleanliness. ‘Who would imagine that so much misery and suffering were only separated from us by a brick wall?’ I exclaimed, looking round.

“‘Ah, yes. Old Marguerite is my guardian angel, and keeps all evil sights and sounds out of these rooms. Nobody knows but myself ‘all the good she does.’

“The old woman’s face grew radiant under these

words; and after setting down a pitcher of iced water, as there was nothing else to be done, she retired.

“‘That old creature deserves to be canonized,’ said the doctor, looking after her. ‘I will tell you her history some day. She has attached herself to me, and I suppose considers me her master; but there is not a patient inside these walls but has reason to be thankful for her presence. Poor, old, infirm as she is, without a penny or a friend in the world, she makes her life a blessing to all who come within her reach. What she continues to accomplish with so little makes it wonderful how others, possessing every facility of fortune and position, contrive to do nothing but make a heavy burden to themselves of their own advantages. The very sight of her, when I am weary and dispirited, is worth a hundred a year to me.’

“‘Well,’ replied I, ‘you shall tell me about old Marguerite another day; but what of Angelique?’

“‘Ah,’ said he, shaking his head and smiling, ‘it is easy to see you are a young man. It is true enough, however, you came here to listen to the sorrows of Angelique and not to the virtues of my dear old woman; but there is a connection between them, as you will see.’

“The doctor placed his watch on the table, that he might not forget the time for his lecture, and began:—

“Angelique belongs to a good family who reside near Beauvais. Her mother is even now more lovely than her daughter; she was married when very young to an officer of artillery, one of my oldest friends. I was present at the marriage. He was much older than his wife. His good looks, such as they were, had been pretty well effaced by the hardships of active service. He had, amongst other things, served in the Russian campaign. His hair was gray and his face stern and wrinkled, though scarcely arrived at the term of middle age. Under a cold, undemonstrative manner he carried one of the noblest and most generous hearts in the world. His words were few; but all who knew him felt that one word of regard or commendation from him meant as much as the passionate protestations of others. To many of his friends it seemed an ill-assorted match; but he was deeply attached to the beautiful and wilful young creature; whilst she, whether from the instinct which taught her to appreciate his noble qualities or attracted by the difficulty of inspiring a romantic passion in one so calm and self-possessed I know not; but she certainly had exerted all her fascinations to attract him, and refused a brilliant proposal of marriage from another quarter. Unhappily, when once married, the discrepancy between their characters was not long in making itself felt. He a calm, straightforward, and

essentially matter-of-fact man, who, having once told her that he loved her more than any thing in the world, and reposing in the intense consciousness of his own affection, would as soon have thought of assuring her every day of his existence as of repeating protestations of affection; whilst she, an undisciplined, passionate creature, with all the mobile, impressionable organization of genius, was constantly made wretched by his undemonstrative, silent habits. I dare say she really suffered; for I was more than once called in to see her, and found her in a state of hysterical prostration arising from some casual word or slight inattention on his part, against which she had broken herself in a passion of wounded susceptibility, and which distressed him none the less that he could not understand how he had occasioned so much suffering. I believe in my heart that all women have a touch of insanity in them; they are always either mad or mischievous; none of them are to be depended upon for an hour together, and they can neither guide themselves nor submit to be wisely guided by others. When Madame de M. did not torment her husband by her wounded affection she persecuted him with displays of tenderness which to a man of his disposition must have been perfect martyrdom. To give you some idea of her mode of proceeding I will tell you an instance. Her husband was military superintendent of

the district, and had to be frequently absent from home. Once he happened unexpectedly to be detained beyond the time he had fixed for his return. A violent storm arose that same evening. Any woman might have been excused feeling some anxiety; but Madame M., instead of reflecting that her husband was an old campaigner, completely lost what little sense Nature had given her, and rushed off alone into the road, thinly clad, and wandered about for two hours in the midst of the storm, until she met him peaceably returning and making all speed to save her from prolonged anxiety. Of course she was seriously ill after this fine exploit, and complained to me bitterly of her husband's indifference and coldness because he had mildly commented upon her imprudence and said, 'But, my dear, supposing the sky to have actually fallen upon me, what good could you have done by coming to see it?'

"These words cost the poor lady many bitter tears. Her unregulated sensibility was the bane of her own life and the torment of her husband's; but he was deeply attached to her, and supported her fantastic humors with a patience that made me sometimes wonder whether it were a folly or a virtue. I suppose it must have been her beauty that blinded him. It must be confessed that she was very lovely; and her personal beauty was even less than the exquisite gracefulness of all her move-

ments ; and I suppose that, much as her husband was occasionally annoyed, his natural vanity was propitiated by being the object of her extravagant demonstrations.

“ He had, like most men of a reserved disposition, a great dread of being made ridiculous and remarkable ; and he suffered dreadfully from his wife’s theatrical taste in devising domestic and dramatic surprises in his honor. I remember on one occasion I was trepanned into assisting at one of these precious scenes, though it was as a victim ; for never would I have sanctioned it had I at all suspected the event ; but Madame M. was full of stratagems and intrigues, and straightforward people had no chance with her. You shall hear how it happened. I can laugh at it now, though I was furious at the time ; it will show you the sort of woman she was.

“ I received an invitation to spend a certain day at their country house. I knew it was the anniversary of their marriage, and thought it quite natural they should have some *réunion* to commemorate it. On the day appointed I went, unsuspiciously enough, and found a large company assembled, all more or less in fancy rural dresses. Madame M. herself was attired, according to her notion of an Arcadian shepherdess, in Indian muslin, with a blue scarf striped with silver and a crook adorned with blue and silver ribbons. She looked very

pretty certainly; the weather was lovely; and there was a tent in the garden where we were to dine, and a band of music in picturesque attire to enable the company to dance on the turf in the approved Arcadian style. I looked about for M., wondering how he had been prevailed upon to consent to all this, when Madame M. informed me with a bewitching smile that it was all a surprise, in honor of her husband, which had been got up during his absence, and that he was expected to arrive every moment. In fact, at that instant, poor M., who had travelled *malle poste* in order to be at home to spend that day with his wife, arrived at the gate: scarcely had he entered the garden when a band of children, fantastically dressed and armed with garlands of flowers, sprang from behind a thicket of evergreens, and, having first executed a *pas de ballet*, concluded by flinging their garlands over him and led him in their chains to the lady of the *fête*, the band meanwhile playing a triumphal march. You may fancy how a man tired to death with a whole night's travelling and hoping to come home to sit peaceably in his dressing gown and slippers would feel at being made the centre of such an exhibition; but the worst was yet to come. He had not recovered from the confusion of such an unexpected reception when we were summoned to dinner. A species of triumphal chair had been erected for

him, as the hero of the feast, decorated with garlands and devices in flowers, as, indeed, was the whole interior of the tent. That nothing might be wanting to complete the foolery, a party of her friends who were in the secret sang a chorus in compliment of the occasion as he took his seat. I was furious at having been betrayed into sanctioning such impertinent folly by my presence; but I confess I trembled lest M. should be provoked into some extremity — I hardly ventured to look at him. However, he resigned himself with the most angelic goodness, and only said, with a slight perceptible annoyance, ‘Adrienne — Adrienne! this is too much. How could you do so?’

“Shortly after this precious exhibition I was obliged to leave Beauvais. I accompanied a scientific expedition despatched to South Africa by the French government; after which I continued my travels into other parts of the world. I was absent many years. On my return my first care was of course to pay a visit to my mother at Beauvais; she was then very old, and I had scarcely dared to hope ever to see her again.

“I found the M.’s still residing in their old house; he had received a considerable accession of fortune and consequence, and been employed by government on several occasions in various missions. He was now approaching the evening of his days — a fine specimen

of a veteran. His wife was still extremely beautiful; and I could not but be struck with the great improvement in her character — a composed, matronly deportment had replaced the fantastic levity of former days; her manner to M. was at once affectionate and deferential; and I fancied I read the expression of a certain remorse in the unobtrusive and delicate attentions with which she surrounded her husband. However it might be, I thought her grown quite charming; and M. himself was of the same opinion; he was, in truth, the happiest and most contented of mortals. They had two children — their own son Charles, a fine young fellow just entered as student in the Polytechnic School, and Angelique, who was well named, for I never beheld so lovely a child; she was then about twelve years old and realized one's notions of an angel; she was not, I was told, their own child, but the daughter of Madame M.'s cousin, who having accompanied her husband, who was an emigrant to England, had died there, leaving her little Angelique an orphan in a strange land. Her last act was to write a letter to her cousin Madame M., entreating her to befriend and protect her child. M. showed me the letter himself, which was very touchingly written; and I was not surprised to find that he had proposed to adopt the little Angelique as their own. Madame M. had joyfully agreed to his proposal, and,

as M. expressed it, 'devotedly made a journey to England in the depth of winter to fetch her young relative, who had since that time been to them like a daughter.'

"Nothing seemed to me more natural; and I rejoiced that Madame M. had such a resource and occupation as the education of this engaging child. Children are a woman's guardian angels, and the training of them her true vocation — in fact, I incline to think the chief end for which she was sent into the world. However, I had not much time to remain with my friends, as I was appointed to a post in the Jardin des Plantes and was made one of the professors of the Ecole de Medicine, and had to commence my duties without delay. My mother died in the following year; and I disposed of our property in that neighborhood, so that for several years I had no occasion to return to Beauvais. After I became attached to this hospital my duties increased so much that my correspondence with my friends almost ceased. I heard at rare intervals from M., whom I regarded with an affection that it did not depend on time and absence to weaken.

"One day, it might be about five years after the visit I mentioned, I received a letter from Madame M., written in characters scarcely legible, entreating me to go down at once, as something very dreadful had occurred.

All doctors are accustomed to some exaggeration in the appeals made to them ; I was not therefore very much alarmed, though I determined to attend the summons. After delivering the lecture which was for that afternoon, and engaging a friend to visit my patients, I arranged my business so as to be absent for a couple of days and departed that same evening by the *malle poste* for Beauvais. I alighted at the gate. On reaching the house Madame M. met me in the hall with an aspect of such stony despair that I started as though she had been a spectre — so utterly changed from her natural appearance, her face and lips were rigid and bloodless, her eyes fixed and open like those of a sleep walker.

“‘Has any thing happened to M. or the children?’ I said hastily, for I confess her manner impressed me with a fear for the worst.

“‘Come this way and you will know all.’

“Her voice sounded strange ; it was hard and desperate and seemed as if it came from an automaton rather than a living woman.

“I followed her to a parlor on the ground floor, which was so much darkened that at first I could discern nothing ; but after a few moments I perceived my poor M. lying on a sofa and propped up with cushions. The windows were open ; and a current of fresh air laden with the scent of flowers came into the room. It is

strange how at some moments of crisis we can take notice of the meanest trifle.

"I approached his couch with some precaution not to startle him; and I observed that his wife sat down in the darkest corner of the apartment. 'I knew you were here,' said he in a faint voice, 'although no one told me you had been sent for. It is like you to come.'

"He spoke in a confused voice, articulating with difficulty. I raised a corner of the window curtain to look at him. His face was distorted; it was a stroke of paralysis which had taken the whole of one side. He was beginning to recover his speech. The physician who had attended him on his first seizure arrived — an intelligent and skilful man; we agreed upon the course of treatment to be pursued; and then I made some inquiries into the particulars of his illness.

"'I know nothing,' replied the other cautiously, 'except that there is some family mystery connected with it. I was called in to M. three days ago; he was laboring under a congestion of the brain, the result of some severe mental shock. The same day M. Charles, the son, was seen to leave the house in a state bordering on frenzy, and has not been seen since. Old Martin told me that there had been some dispute, for that he had heard high words after dinner between his master and mistress and M. Charles, who were together in the

dining room. That something serious has transpired I am convinced ; until three days ago Monsieur M. was in perfect health — I saw him and conversed with him in the morning.’

“ I returned to the side of my friend, my mind filled with painful anxiety. At the door of the room I met Angelique, who was watching for me ; she grasped my arm and said hurriedly, ‘ They will not let me see papa ; no one will tell me what is the matter ; and Charles left home three days since without speaking to me. I saw him as he went out and tried to stop him ; but he flung me off with a dreadful look as if I were an evil being, and he has never returned. Mamma has become so strange I am afraid to approach her. What *is* the matter? *Why* may I not go into that room and see papa?’

“ She was evidently under great nervous excitement, poor child, and there was an expression in her eye that I did not like ; her dress was in disorder, and it was evident she had not slept for a long time. I endeavored to calm her as well as I could, and tried to induce her to lie down, with the promise that she should see her father as soon as he could be permitted to see any one. She was in such a state of agitation and excitement that she was quite unfit to be left alone, and there seemed no one to take charge of her ; the whole house had the

air of being struck by lightning and abandoned, for not a soul was to be seen. However, the domestics were only indulging themselves in gossiping conjectures both about what had happened and what was likely to occur after the fashion of that class who love the excitement of calamity. I succeeded in breaking up the conclave, who were standing openmouthed in the court yard to hear the news just brought in by a countryman that Master Charles had been seen marching with a company of conscripts who were being conveyed to Marseilles. I despatched one of the maids to Angelique, with strict orders not to leave her for a moment, and then once more returned to the room where M. was lying. Madame still sat crouched in the darkest part of the room, and had not apparently altered her position since I had left. Martin, an old domestic who had lived with his master in the family since his master's marriage and who had been his servant whilst in the army, sat beside the couch.

"M. opened his eyes as I approached.

"'Any news of my son?'

"I briefly told him what I had just heard.

"'God's will be done!' said he. 'We have been living for years over a fearful mine; and now it has exploded.'

"He lay silent for a few moments and then said, —

“‘Good Martin, leave us for a little. *I* must speak whilst I am able.’

“Martin left us ; and, having ascertained that Madame M. was gone and that there was no listener, I returned to my place beside the couch. M. had in great measure recovered the use of his speech, although his articulation was still feeble and indistinct. He was not capable of consecutive conversation ; but he contrived to make me understand the crisis that had occurred ; and afterwards further information came to me from another source.

“It would seem that Madame M. had for a long time shown a strange jealousy of the family intimacy in which her son Charles and Angelique had always lived together, and insisted that the young man should be sent to Paris to study or else to one of the German universities, and had at the same time shown great anxiety to negotiate a marriage that had offered itself in spite of the youth and disinclination of the young lady herself. This anxiety was attributed by her husband to her maternal ambition ; but as in fact he had an opportunity of placing his son advantageously, it was arranged that Charles should study for an ‘ingenieur des mines.’ All these difficulties and the approaching separation probably enlightened the young people upon the nature of their feelings for each other. The day previous to his

departure from home Charles formally demanded permission of his parents to consider Angelique as his future wife. M. had not the least objection; but Madame M., who must long have lived in constant dread of this terrible moment, disclosed to them that Angelique was her own child, and that all the fable about her cousin's death had been invented by her that she might not be separated from her daughter.

“The father and son listened without interruption to this fearful disclosure; the son, with one deep and bitter malediction on the mother who had brought down such misery upon them, fled from the house, none knowing whither he went; the wretched husband fell at his wife's feet struck down with apoplexy. Poor M. was not in a condition to go into particulars; but they were afterwards told me by the miserable woman herself. It seems that on one occasion M. was despatched by the government on a mission to one of the colonies; he was absent more than two years, Madame M. — the impulsive, passionate, ill-regulated creature I have described to you — being bitterly pained at her husband's refusal to permit her to accompany him, which was in fact quite impossible. After suffering bitterly from what she conceived his indifference, she, partly from resentment and partly from the love of strong emotions, which is char-

acteristic of women of her nature, let herself go into a criminal attachment to a young Englishman who had conceived a romantic passion for her. I believe there was more resentment against her husband than love to the other in the whole affair ; but that changed nothing except perhaps to increase the remorse in which every after moment of her life was steeped.

“ Her husband, before his departure, had furnished her with a good excuse for removing to Paris ; where every mystery is safe no one suspected her secret. Her lover died in consequence of the injuries he received by a fall from his horse in a steeple chase which he had got up to show the Parisians how people rode in England some months previous to her husband's return ; and she seemed thus guarantied against all hazard of discovery. She endeavored by redoubled attention to compensate to her husband the treachery of which she had been guilty ; her attachment to him revived with all the tenderness of remorse ; and the unsuspecting generosity with which he adopted the little Angelique touched her to the quick. I believe, if repentance ever could avail to expiate crime, that Madame M. might have washed away hers ; but, as every action is a debt contracted with everlasting justice, there exists no power which can remit the consequences ; sooner or later it must be met, with all its liabilities ; and the

longer they are delayed the more complicated do they become.

"It was not until some time afterwards that I learned all these details; but I tell them you at once not to interrupt my story.

"When poor M. had made an end of his communication the tears streamed helplessly from his eyes. I pressed the hand that still retained its life; and, although any scene of violent emotion was very bad for his bodily health, yet I saw that the discovery of a crime committed against him so many years ago had not broken the habit of affection and the need to see his wife constantly in his presence.

"He looked piteously at me. 'What must I do? — where is she?'

"With an instinct which in times of emergency is generally more trustworthy than any rules I rose and opened the door. Madame M. sat crouched before it. I took her hand and led her without speaking to the side of her husband. She sank down beside the couch and took hold of his poor paralyzed hand, sobbing convulsively. I was alarmed for the consequences. A spasm contracted his features; he labored painfully for utterance. At length we distinguished the words, 'God forgive — I do.' I whispered to Madame M. to be calm, and administered some medicine to my poor

friend, and then withdrew — leaving the wife restored to her right of watching beside him. The effects of this agitation were not so bad as you might expect; the calm to the patient's mind overbalanced the danger to his bodily health; and when I left I was not without hopes that he might be able to move about again. Angelique was the one whose condition the most excited my fears; and I gave the medical man in attendance many charges about her. I was obliged to return to my own duties in Paris, and could not again visit my friend; but I continued to receive satisfactory accounts of them. It might be about six months after my former visit when I received a second summons, more urgent than the first. I threw aside every other engagement and went. The fatal consequences of Madame M.'s crime were not yet exhausted.

“No direct intelligence had ever been received from the unhappy Charles; but the news brought by the countryman of his embarkation at Marseilles with a company of recruits for Algeria had been confirmed. A few days previously a letter from the colonel of that regiment had arrived, containing a cross of the order of ‘military merit’ and a few lines saying that M. Charles M. had been mortally wounded in an expedition against an Arab encampment, and on his death bed had revealed his name and station to his officer, charging him to send

word to his father, and to beg his mother to forgive the words he spoke when he left her presence. The colonel added many praises of the good conduct and gallantry of the young man, who had seemed to court the death of honor he had found. The cross enclosed was the one with which he had been decorated on the field. But the unhappy woman had not yet drained the cup of retribution.

“Angelique was up stairs, lying ill of a brain fever, and her uneasiness gave us but too clearly to know that by some deplorable fatality she had become acquainted with the wretched secret of her relationship to her betrothed lover. Hitherto she had only fancied that the obstacles that had driven Charles from home arose solely from the ambition of his parents, who desired him to form some higher connection; and she had comforted herself with hopes and dreams of better things, after the manner of the young. The tidings of his death, and the knowledge of the terrible secret of her own birth, had proved too much for the poor young creature's brain. She recovered from the fever, but it was only to live in a state of prolonged mania.

“As I could not remain to watch her case as I desired, I prevailed upon Madame M. to allow her to be removed to Paris, that she might be constantly under my care. I obtained admission for her into this hos-

pital ; and that good old woman you saw when you first entered has been her unwearied and devoted attendant. I knew I could depend upon her fidelity as well as upon her devotion to my will ; and, once acquainted with the cause of Angelique's affliction, she has seconded my efforts with an intelligent sympathy that has done more for her than my skill.

"Of late I have entertained sanguine hopes that Angelique will recover. At first she used to be in a constant state of revery : at times she would shed tears, and speak of '*him*,' but without designating him by any name ; and then she would clear up into those smiles of insanity which are so painful to witness ; but she never seemed conscious of any thing passing around her. Of late there has been a change ; she begins to notice objects like a child, but only for a short time ; and any attempt to prolong her attention irritates her, though she is never violent. Once or twice within the last fortnight she has had what may be called intervals of intelligence, and her mind seems to be gradually recovering its strength, gathering itself together. It will be some time yet before the cure is effected ; but I repeat, that I have sanguine hopes of success.

"But now," said he, looking at his watch, "we are seven minutes after our time ; the gentlemen will have become impatient — so come along."

I followed my friend into the lecture theatre, after which came other duties and employments. I had no opportunity of again seeing the doctor, except at lecture time, for many weeks afterwards; neither, though I often walked in the court of the hospital, did I ever again catch a glimpse of the fair creature whose story had so painfully interested me.

I was suddenly recalled to England by the dangerous illness of my father, and I did not return to Paris to finish my courses until the following autumn.

My first care was to pay a visit to my old friend and master at the Salpêtrière, to enter myself upon his class. I found him in his old room at the hospital, as kind-hearted and as much occupied as ever; and old Marguerite was still sitting at the head of the stairs, knitting her eternal stocking.

He received me with cordiality; and, after replying to all his questions about England as well as I was able, I inquired whether Mlle. Angelique was still in the Salpêtrière?

"No," replied he; "I am happy to say that my hopes did not deceive me; Angelique has now returned home, quite cured. She will never again be gay and light-hearted as of old; for she still recalls the past. But she learned from my dear old Marguerite the secret of resigning herself to the will of the Highest—a wisdom

that would heal many broken hearts if it were more practised. With Angelique it is not a theory, nor an enthusiastic exaltation ; it is a quiet, modest principle, which enables her to accept without complaint the heavy sorrow that has blotted out her youth.

“ With her restored reason she has taken up all her old habits of occupation, and assists her mother with the most affectionate devotedness in the care of her adopted father ; for my poor friend still lives, though now in the last stage of weakness. She never recurs to the past by the most distant allusion. I have generally observed that, when a patient recovers from alienation of mind, it is with a higher tone of thought and principle than they manifested previously ; whatever previous good there was in them is generally strengthened and matured ; but I never saw the fact so strongly marked as in the case of Angelique. All levity, all consciousness or thought of *self*, seems to have been purged from her nature. She goes about like a being set apart from the world, with a sweet, tranquil seriousness, that it is like the presence of an angel.”

THE WAYSIDE BROOK.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE Wayside Brook, — how clear and bright
Its waters glittered to the sight !
It lay beneath a leafy shade,
Where gladsome birds sweet music made.
How often there we loved to stay,
Watching the waning hours of day,
And then a silent farewell took,
And parted by the Wayside Brook !

We meet in courtly circles now ;
Gems sparkle on thy queenly brow ;
And I may claim an honored stand
Amid the gifted of the land.
We are not as we used to be,
We boast not spirits light and free,
As when the flowery path we took
That led us to the Wayside Brook.

Yet, 'mid our proud, triumphant track,
A word can bring past pleasures back ;
We turn from scenes of dazzling show ;
Around us fragrant breezes blow ;
The birds a choral welcome sing ;
The dancing waters gayly spring ;
And, still the same in heart and look,
We linger by the Wayside Brook.

TO THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

BY ALICIA JANE O'NEILL.

"Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven — the bosom of a friend." — YOUNG.

"Thus blessed, I draw a picture of that bliss." — COWPER.

FIVE years! And can it five years be
Since we set forth together
To sail o'er life's uncertain sea
Through life's uncertain weather?

How bright, how brief, how beautiful
Those fond five years appear,
As back through all their homes I glance —
Back with a smile and tear; —

A smile of grateful tenderness
That I have found in thee
All that my early dreams believed
A fond heart friend should be ; —

A smile of joy that worldly cares
Have cast no blighting chill
Upon this heart, so glad of old,
So glad and ardent still : —

A tear lest coming years should bring
Their changes on my lot,
And I for treasures now possessed
Should seek, and find them not !

But down, distrustful, trembling heart !
Down with thy doubts and fears !
The God who blessed thy joys to thee
Can likewise kiss thy tears.

Then let me sing serenely on
Of precious years gone by —
Those beautiful, fond years I've spent
Beneath *thy loving eye*.

Yes, beautiful ! though tempests met
Our shattered bark, and we
Were driven by adverse gales across
A bleak and troubled sea.

But thou hadst me, and I had thee ;
And, leaning on thy breast,
I prayed away my cares and fears
And blessed my place of rest.

O, blesséd be the God who gave
That place of rest to me,
And kept us strong in faith and hope
When tempests swept the sea ; —

Who never left us nor forsook,
But led us safe to land —
Poor shipwrecked mariners forlorn,
But brave in heart and hand !

Strong in the faith "that looks above,"
Our perils sank us not ;
Brave in the strength of mutual love,
We bless our happy lot.

A STROLL BY THE RIVER AMSTEL, AMSTERDAM.

BY MRS. WHITE.

FEW of the Batavian poets, from old Jacob Cats to Da Costa, but have bestowed a lyric on the "brimming Amstel," which, after winding its mazy way between green prairies to its confluence with the Y,* pours itself out commingled with that river from between the horns of the port at Amsterdam into the Zuyder Zee.

It was a lovely morning that on which, lured by the poet's sweet praises, we determined on a pilgrimage to the village which bears its name, and, with no other companions than our pencil and note book, set forth on the *trecking path* for our destination.

The canals and rivers, as all the world knows, are the great highways of Holland, and the Amstel a very principal one; so that every now and then curiously-

* Pronounced eye.

shaped craft, white sailed and highly varnished, with perchance a group of Frisian women seated on deck, their close-fitting headgear of gold or silver plates glittering like cavalry helmets in the sun, made pictures in sailing by; and not less curious and novel was the appearance of the men, who, mounted sideways on their horses, with rings in their ears and pointed klompens * on, rode slowly past, sometimes towing huge canal boats as heavily loaded as the barges on the Thames, and at others smaller vessels with gilt fiddleheads and sides that shone like polished mahogany, with long golden-spotted pennants flying, or painted flags with full-sized figures of the Good Vrow, or Three Zisters, &c., under whose names they sailed.

Every little while — for it was market day in the metropolis — prams laden with flowers or filled with corbels of raspberries and red currants, with a fringe of green leaves laid round them, and larger boats, flat bottomed and shallow, some heaped with wooden shoes, the manufacture of a distant hamlet, some with vegetables from far-off gardens, and others freighted with the useful turf, stole down upon their way to Amsterdam.

Even the vehicles upon the roads were quaint looking and oddly shaped as the boats upon the river: some

* Wooden shoes so called.

with high-carved backs painted green, with red foliage; others varnished and gilded; while the more stylish looking resembled in shape the scallop-shell chariot in which the sea-born Venus is sometimes represented; the horses in every instance were sleek and stout limbed, well fed and cared for, and their headgear and harness inlaid with the white shells which children call black-moors' teeth, shone in the sun as if inwrought with silver.

All the roads in Holland are bordered with trees, as nearly as possible alike in size and height, and which for the sake of the timber are shorn of their lower branches and made to look like overgrown green mushroom-rooms; they are for the most part planted in double lines; and this plan of depriving them of their lateral boughs, while making them more valuable as merchandise, prevents all danger of ill-disposed persons lurking in these solitary footways, in which, though high roads, one may walk for half an hour without meeting a fellow-passenger, so much more popular is the transit by water. Occasionally a young farmer, in a short-tailed coat, with a gold ornament hanging round his neck, and a huge bunch of extinguisher-shaped silver seals that made him jingle like a bell horse as he walked, lifted his cap in passing; but for the greater part of our journey we had the *treckpath* and the lime trees, which at

this season — it was full midsummer — drop honey on the earth and fill the air with their delicious odor, all to ourselves.

For some distance out of the city the houses are mostly places of entertainment — Dutch editions, in fact, of the suburban public houses and tea gardens in the vicinity of London ; but, farther, you come upon the country houses of the citizens, each with a small pavilion full of windows overlooking the road, and as a consequence the ditch of stagnant water which borders it. These serve the purposes of summer parlors ; and, early as it was, a singing party was practising in one of them.

In leaving the city the Hollander leaves behind him his taste for high carved roofs and decorated fronts ; and the generality of these abodes were either handsome square buildings of modern architecture or unpretending little places, all roses, larkspurs, and hortensia, the mere summer-eve resort of flower-loving citizens, who are so fond of these occasional glimpses of green fields and gardens that those who cannot afford a country house hire one of the pavilions alluded to, and on Sundays go there with their wives and families to enjoy their possession and smoke cigars and drink coffee. This love of retirement and rurality is admirably expressed in the names of these suburban residences, which are either

painted or blazoned in golden letters on the gates; and Zomer Lust, (the love of summer,) Brouw Lust, (a desire for trees and fields,) or Stroom in Lommer, (shade and water,) are the most frequent titles of these retreats.

We passed one or two houses of more importance than the rest, standing in old-fashioned quadrangular gardens, with stately walks embowered with trees, and the interior space laid out in formal flower beds and trim alleys, with statues at each end, and a rustic bridge leaping a piece of water in the centre — exactly the sort of garden that was in fashion two hundred years ago, and which Evelyn, when in the neighborhood, was likely to have visited and admired.

Once in the course of our walk we came upon a very melancholy spot, bearing all the outward and visible signs which in England indicate a chancery suit — the Zomer Rust (summer rest) of some rich burgomaster of former times reduced to ruins; the house a mere remnant, with half the materials lying in heaps about what had been a flowery garden, but was now a badly-ordered potato pround, over which a nymph in stone, whitewashed for cleanliness, smiled faintly from her moss-grown pedestal, as if she had grown daft with desolation; the trees which remained were lopped, probably for firewood, into the most miserable plight imaginable;

and a pair of river gods — it may be the Y and Amstel — gazed frowningly with empty urns upon each other's misfortune in the midst of a rustling oat field; while a couple of broken-down, *had-been-ornamental* bridges led over unseen streams masked with duckweed and sword-leaved waterflags, with the brown maces of the "major typha" marshalling their choked-up way and seeming to whisper through the loose panicles of the waving reeds "Omnia vanites." This place was but a stone's throw from a meadow in which a pointed obelisk of gray stone had been set up having reference to the peace between Holland and Russia in 1620.

Looking back from this point of view, all that broke the smooth, green surface of the land, whichever way the sight diverged, was the red or black *glazed* roof of a farm house glistening through a sheltering cluster of surrounding trees, or the tall body of a windmill towering in the distance with its expanded sweeps outlined against the horizon, or the white or tawny sails of vessels, picturesque in their clumsiness, showing themselves in the midst of grazing cattle and green fields.

The absence of human bipeds made us the more observant of those "guests of summer, the temple-haunting martlets," as Shakspeare calls them, and those curious little birds, the water wagtails, of which there were numbers about — those on the wing skimming the air in

undulating circles in the vicinity of their clay-built nests, and these, poised with light steps and nicely-balanced vibrations on "the *green mantle* of the stagnant pool," seeking their insect food on leaves of frogbit, duckweed, and the water plantain ; while every now and then those zoölogical-garden birds with us, cranes, with fringy wings, black and white bodies, and pink legs and beak, would rise up suddenly from the river side, which flows on nearly on a level with its margin, and apparently only prevented from overflowing them by the tall and matted reeds which line the shores.

The shelter of these plants, like *power* every where, had gathered round them a multitude of dependants ; and the tough-rooted nightshade hung its dark-blue exquisitely-painted petals beside the showy clusters of the yellow loosestrife, whose *namesake*, with long purple spikes of flowers, bent lovingly above the great St. John's wort, the *sol terrestris* of the ancient herbalists ; and, edging the border of the road, upon a bed of its own silky leaflets, the *silver weed* disposed its glittering flowers ; and laughing pimpernel, (*anagallis*,) with dotted leaves and scarlet corolla, turned up its weather-wise, wide-open eye, prophetic of the day's continued sunshine.

It is by such flowery bulwarks that the Amstel is restrained within its banks, and these themselves sup-

ported and consolidated. The intervening roots of trees, binding and grasping the earth together, and the surface overlaid with this fibrous progeny, forms an effective dike and gives firmness and body to the soil, naturally so loose and sandy as to be easily washed away.

On the opposite side of the river the reeds are the only impediments to its encroachments and form the boundaries of many of the enclosures belonging to the market gardeners, whose tree-screened houses appear at intervals along the shore.

It is a sad trial in this land of ditches, with the finest specimens of *flowering rush* and other aquatic plants, always growing on the opposite side from that which you are on, that even the innocent larcenies of the botanist are prevented by the intervention of relentless dikes, which divide and encompass the fields in every direction and render it impossible for any one less efficiently booted than a navigator to get at them.

In spite of the unbroken flatness of the view, devoid of all those salient points of interest to which the *tourist at home* is accustomed — the woods, the rising hills, the stately mansions, which are never far apart in English landscape; the rich, meadowy surface of the surrounding country, with Paul Potter-like groups of grazing cattle, sleek skinned and dappled; the strange aspect of *vessels sailing here and there amidst the fields*; the passing by

of eccentric-looking craft upon the brown, smooth waters of the Amstel, with here a patient fisher in a moored *pram* and there a shallow boat filled with a party of boys, every one of whom is smoking, as they glide dreamily on, impelled by a pair of short, broad-bladed oars, looking like overgrown bulrushes with black heads,—all had at least the charm of novelty and freshness ; while the coolness of the green prairies, the waving of the ozier holts, the sighing of the gray-plumed reeds as the soft wind winnowed them, and the shadows of the trees edging the path, were as gratefully delicious as the aspect of repose more distantly expressed in the interminable extent of parallel meadows.

In common paths, as well as on the great highway of life, it is pleasant to recall the memory of the good and the great who have trod therein before us ; and few ways are richer in such remembrances than those in the vicinity of Amsterdam. Rembrandt and De Keyser, Stork and Vender Helst, men whose works have made their names “familiar as household words,” not only in their fatherland but throughout Europe, had hallowed with their steps this very path, and felt their spirits lulled and softened by the same tranquil images we gazed on. Hither came Spieghel and old Dirk Combert, drinking inspiration from the calm face of their beloved river, as if its waters had been those of Hippocrene ; while Von-

del, the Milton of the Netherlands, must surely, in the chorus of Palamedes, have had its details in his mind's eye when he sang, —

“Here flourishes the waving corn,
Encircled by the wounding thorn;
Here glides a bark by meadows green,
And there the village smoke is seen.”

Here in his boyhood wandered Reiner Anslo, and that apprentice poet of Amsterdam, Gerard Brandt, who forsook his father's shop and watchmaking for the love of poetry and a poet's daughter, the fair Susannah van Baerle.

But we must not linger with these masters of high art and sons of song who have made the banks of the Amstel River classic ground, but pursue our way where still

“The meads red-speckled daisies bear,
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
And peasants toil behind the plough.”

It was well for us that fancy had not been castle building, and that our walk — for with us the “simplest charm prevails” — had sufficiently repaid the trouble of undertaking it; for at the hamlet which made the point of our pilgrimage we found nothing to requite us save its

pure air and ultra cleanliness. It was Saturday afternoon; and we found the streets newly swept, the windows garnished with fresh blinds and flowers; and the women in their well-scoured klompens, full petticoats, white jackets, and snowy caps seated at their doors with quite an air of holiday. A general peace pervaded the village, reminding us of the sweet usage once customary in our own country, and of which this is the remnant, of making in rustic places the afternoon of the Sabbath's advent almost as sacred as the Sabbath itself. The plough ceased its labor, the hinds left their work; and it became a sort of half holiday, during which refreshment and rest were all over the hamlet.

We found the kirk at New Amstel a plain, ugly building, with a few pews crowded into the corners and the rest of the space left vacant for chairs; the floor paved with gravestones, without other inscription than the name of the occupant; the walls, like all the Calvinistic places of worship, whitewashed; and over the most lean, dry-breasted pulpit to appearance a gallery in which stood a small hand organ. There were no monuments of any interest, and none dated previous to 1758. As we had arrived here by the *treckpath*, we resolved to return by the opposite side of the river, and left New Amstel, where we were told a number of English resided, by a willow-shaded path, rich with wild

flowers and haunted by bees and butterflies. The houses on this side of the Amstel are few and far between and of quite another description from those on the opposite bank, being simply farms or peasants' cottages, each with a little garden at the side, and a market boat, or pram, drawn up amongst the reeds on the shore or moored beside a wooden landing-place in front of the dwelling, for the convenience of crossing the Amstel and conveying the produce of their homesteads to Amsterdam, where twice a week the "bluem" (flower) and vegetable markets are held.

Alas! if the objects of view had been limited on the other side, they were still more so on this, where the reeds and tall-growing typha closed out our sight of the river and voices sounded in boats invisible to us though not an oar's length from the shore.

Except the passing by of a peasant with a pair of dazzling white milk pails, followed by an assistant vrow, we had only the face of Nature, calm as Dutch physiognomies generally are, to interest us. Countless oxen spread themselves over the wide extent of rich green pasture land; at long intervals the thin, gray turf smoke, indicative of human habitations, curled up amongst the distant tree tops; while the aroma of new-mown hay — and "good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow" — came min-

gled with the tempered redolence of raspberry plantations, the perfume of which hung about our path almost all the way to Amsterdam. Moreover, at intervals we heard the flutelike whistling of an orange-billed blackbird, and the vesper hymn — for the clouds were growing gold hued in the west — of a choir of skylarks, fresh voiced as if the day had only just begun, and the chirping of innumerable cicadas.

Then there was no lack of wild flowers ; for here, as on the contrary shore, the gamboge-colored *lysimachia* put forth its clustered panicles ; and close at hand, as if to contrast with its golden splendor, the stately loosestrife waved its purple plumes. Then there was *comfrey*, with its pensile blossoms, and holy thistle, and pink willow herb ; while midst the blue, green reeds the greater bindweed, prodigal of ornament, looped up her leafy wreaths with snow-white flowers, or threw them out like streamers in the wind, or, venturously running round their roots, crept to the very verge of the brown Amstel, and lay there, nymphlike, glassing her loveliness in its smooth depths.

Anon the railway came in sight, and the ships' masts, and tall, black, Moorish steeples, with windmills, houses, and the palace dome. So, crossing the river in a market boat, we exchanged the flowery solitude of its

banks for a crowded avenue in the outskirts of Amsterdam, and entered the city, as the sun went down, not at all sorry that the plainings of a Dutch poet, on the banks of the Rhine, for the quiet beauties of his native Amstel, had tempted us to seek them for ourselves.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

OLD Christmas we know
By his locks of snow
And his crown of ivy green;
The lintel we arch
For his triumph march
With the holly's prickly sheen
And its crimson fruit
Like a winter suit,
And the mistletoe nitched between.

Though his locks are white,
His eyes are as bright
As a poet's in ardent youth,
When a rich voice chimes
To the fervent rhymes
That glow with the light of truth.

Though his locks are pale,
 His step is as hale
 As a yeoman's in prime of years ;
 And his genial laugh
 Is more glad by half
 Than a jester's boisterous cheers.

But his stalwart hand,
 It holds a wand
 That hath surely a fairy spell,
 When he waves it back
 On the Past's worn track,
 Where the silent memories dwell.

Then his laugh is hushed,
 And our mirth is crushed,
 As he points to some vacant seat,
 While o'er our souls
 The cadence rolls
 Of a voice we no more shall greet.

And he asks us each,
 If we list his speech,
 How the year gone by has sped —
 With heart and mind

Have we loved our kind,
And blessings around us shed ?

For he hateth strife
And a selfish life
With a hatred so severe
That where they abide
His face he will hide,
And his joy will disappear.

What he loves to do
In the world's full view,
Or perchance in a quiet way,
Is to link our hands
In brotherly bands
That shall never indeed decay.

His Name shows us LOVE
The purest, above
What mortals can fairly discern ;
In that one little word
Every text may be heard,
And we every lesson may learn.

As he takes up his staff
We can hear the last laugh

Of Christmas so honored and dear;
 Then he lifts from the floor
 A corpse to the door,
 And buries the dead old year.

While there glides in the heir
 To the old year's care
 As well as its worth and wit;
 Who for sceptre upholds
 A scroll's thick folds,
 All white and unwritten yet.

CLOUD MUSINGS.

BY MRS H. J. LEWIS.

"The Lord shall make bright clouds and give them showers of rain."

THE season is approaching when soft showers will call from the brown earth tender grass and flowers, weaving a robe of beauty which will endure until the winds of autumn revisit the earth. Bright clouds will come, noiselessly sailing through the ethereal ocean, and with their forms and hues of loveliness awaken a wish in the thrilled bosom of the lover of Nature to be, like them, rovers among all things bright and beautiful.

I love to lie down on a clear spring day, when the air is fresh and fragrant, and watch the clouds pile themselves in threatening masses or slowly dissolve and disappear. They move up from behind the distant hills, their silver edges bright but not dazzling, borne on the wings of the wind to the zenith, changing but still beautiful, never reposing, but seeking the horizon, and at last

disappearing, to be succeeded by a long train as fair, as fragile, and as unresting as themselves.

No words can paint the wondrous, ever-varying beauty of the clouds. They pluck the rainbow's hues for their adorning; they glow sometimes like floods of molten gold; they weave themselves into fantastic forms; they open the very heart of their blackness for the moon to shine through and touch the whole with glory; and, when the parched earth calls to them, they answer with blessed and refreshing showers; and the trees, and the blossoms, and the hearts of men rejoice.

Precious, then, to the spirit should be the assurance that the Lord will make bright clouds. How should we miss their moving shadows from the uplands and the meadows and from the glittering streams! Did you ever stand in the woods, not dense enough to hide the distant landscape, when a cloud came between you and the sun, and all save the spot where you reposed was flooded with golden light? If you have, the vision comes back, and the heart thrill to which no words do justice.

The showers of rain in the spring time are not the least lovely among the changes of the natural world. They fall tenderly upon the springing grass and budding wild flowers, and their silvery clashing has a music of its own. Sometimes their accompaniment is the light-

ning and the thunder peal; and sometimes they fall before the very eye of the sun, which pierces them and renews upon the clouds the tinted bow of promise. They come in the morning and hush the matin song of the birds; they fall at noon, and send the ploughboy from his toil to the protection of the cot; they visit the parched earth at eve and moisten it after the fervent kissing of the sun; and in the hushed and holy night they tread softly lest they awaken the sleepers whom they come to bless.

How the young leaves and the blossoms glisten after their baptism in the pure element! The breezes come and shake the heavy drops from their edges; and the earth takes them to its bosom and yields them back in added strength and beauty to her floral children. No drop of all the multitudinous showers that fall is lost in the great laboratory of Nature. Each one has its mission and performs it, though often wrought out beyond our wisest thoughts. What do these soft showers upon the bare mountain tops, where no flower looks to them and no blade of grass springs up for a covering? The waters lie there until a strong wind bears them away or they find a pathway down the rugged sides and join the rivulets, which gleam like silver threads in the sunshine and swell the river sources. Then they flow through cultivated fields and by the dwellings of the

happy, till at last the broad ocean takes them to its bosom and they mingle with its world of waters. Are their sojournings ended here? O, no. They rise again upon the invisible element, and again sweep over continents, mountains, and rivers, sometimes pausing over some far-off ocean isle and scattering healing from its borders, and sometimes hovering over the deserts, but gathering up their skirts and yielding no rain.

With all lovely things and precious let us henceforth number the clouds of heaven. We shall not love less the shell that lays its rose lip beside the foaming waters, the beauty and the music of the summer birds, the insects' hum and the sound of falling water, the spirit melody of the human voice, the subdued soul light of the eye, "the infinite magnificence" of the stars, and the wild majesty of the mountain land.

The dull-gray mass which sometimes limits our vision may indeed suggest gloomy thoughts; but the mingling of cloud and sunshine is all joyous and beautiful. With what uninterrupted and graceful motions they glide through the infinite space above us! How rapturous, and at the same time calming and elevating, are the thoughts they suggest to us! and from the fever of life the soul seems to cast itself upon their vapory forms, and flee away and be at rest.

Very beautiful are the morning, the noon, and the

evening clouds, with their background of serenest blue, and their edges of gold, silver, scarlet, or purple. Sometimes they pile themselves up, as if preparing a throne for the monarch of the day, and again their rugged outline seems like mountain summits shattered by the storms of centuries ago. Sometimes they are so light and fleecy one would imagine a breath might scatter them, and we think to see them fade while we gaze; and in a few hours, perhaps, the storm king summons his forces, and the hills are black with shadows, and the fierce lightning rends the vapory mass, and the heavens and the earth seem meeting in the terrible conflict. Peace, the burden of the angels' song, soon succeeds the rush of the storm; and, as the darkness rolls away, all things seem to rejoice, whether animate or inanimate.

Thanks, from the depths of an adoring spirit, that the Lord has made and will make bright and beautiful clouds.

DAY.

BY ELIZABETH LEATHES.

How beautiful is Day ! —

Day with its sunny gleams,
Its veils of silver light,
And shadows on the streams.

How beautiful is Morn,

When first its golden glow
Steals o'er the dewy hills
To woo the vale below !

How beautiful is Noon,

When radiantly from heaven
The cloudless sun looks down
On glories he hath given !

How beautiful is Eve,

Sweet sister of the Night,

With roseate blush and smile,
And soft, unearthly light !

All, all are beautiful —
Morn, Noon, and dewy Eve.
Shall man with thankless heart
Their loveliness receive ?

Through them a Father speaks —
Through them an all-wise God ;
His book the starry skies —
His book the flowery sod.

His voice is on the storm,
His whisper in the breeze,
His smile the sunbeam bright
Which resteth on the trees.

Earth is one mighty harp
Whose chords are silver streams ;
God lists its music soft,
Unworthy as it seems.

Will he not much more hear
When tremblingly we raise,

With loving, childlike hearts,
Our fervent songs of praise?

There *is* an angel air —
We may not catch it yet;
These few poor strains of ours
In sadder keys are set.

Yet He whose master hand
First tuned creation's lyre
Its feeblest notes can blend
With those of heaven's own choir.

Then let the widespread earth
With hallelujahs ring;
How beautiful is Day!
How *glorious is her King!*

LEICESTER ABBEY.

HENRY VIII.

QUEEN KATHERINE AND GRIFFITH.

Kath. DIDST thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
me,
That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

* * * * *

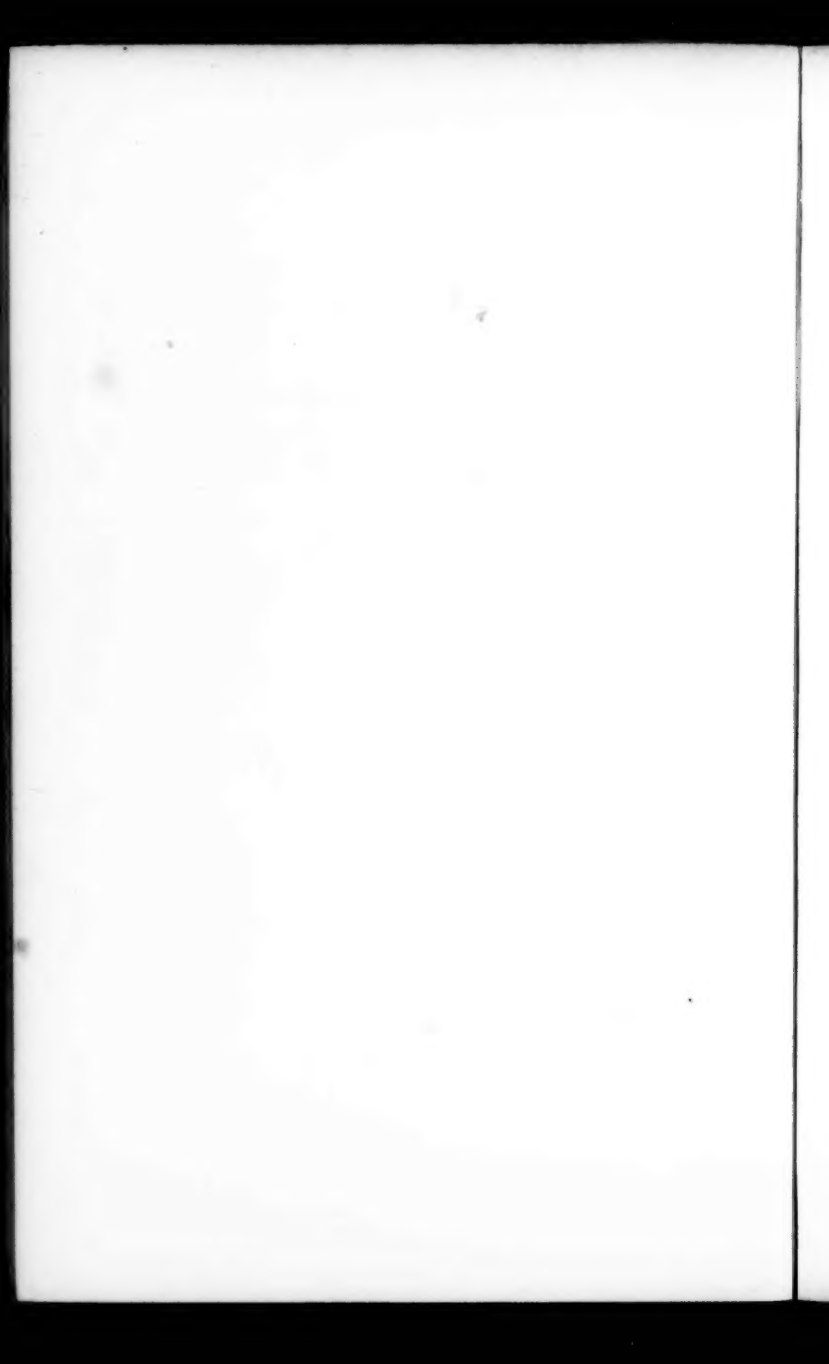
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably received him ;



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To whom he gave these words : " O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !"
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

MRS. SMITH AND HER COUSIN FANNY.

Mrs. Smith. I HAVE just finished a new novel, the Head of the Family, which you must read.

Fanny. By the author of Olive and the Ogilvies, is it not?

Mrs. Smith. Yes; but an advance even on those clever and remarkable novels. I cannot but believe that this young authoress—for youthful she is understood to be—is destined to take a very high rank among our writers of fiction. Her versatility is surprising; only the other day we were talking about her Christmas story, Alice Learmont, a little book of a highly imaginative character, in which fairyland is painted in a poet's glowing hues, and fairy folk delineated in the most fantastic manner; and now we have three volumes, in which, though a rich imagination and the many graces of poetry are every where apparent, there is an under current of strong sense which will please the mere intellect even of prosaic readers.

Fanny. Is it, then, a less emotional work than Olive?

Mrs. Smith. Nay, I will not say that ; on the contrary, it deals with sterner and deeper passions than the former works ; but the emotion is, as it were, reined in with a stronger hand, as if, while the heart of the author had expanded, the mind had acquired new force and grown "many sided."

Fanny. Is it a tragic story ?

Mrs. Smith. Partially so ; but by the side of poor Rachel Armstrong's history there flows a more simple tale, which yet in its truth and pathos has even a deeper interest. Rachel is the victim of a repudiated Scotch marriage. Most people are aware that north of the Tweed a very slight ceremony, even a public avowal, is enough to establish a marriage ; but the villain who betrays Rachel believes that he has destroyed every vestige of evidence, and after some changes of name and fortune weds another. Rachel is of humble birth, but has educated herself, possesses talent, and finally becomes an actress. I need not tell you how her love turns to vengeance or how the retribution is ultimately worked out. The true hero of the book, however, is Ninian Græme, the "head of the family," the elder brother of a large family, who generously devotes himself to his younger brothers and sisters, perhaps unconscious at the time what sacrifices may be demanded from him, but who bravely and nobly makes those sacrifices

which a high-wrought sense of duty demands from him. It is a beautiful ideal of a man that is shadowed forth in Ninian; and I cannot help thinking that the author has been thus successful mainly because she has ventured to depict human nature as of no sex, and has thus developed in her hero many of those noble, self-denying qualities which the world commonly attributes almost exclusively to women. It would be well if gentlemen authors would take the hint, and, when they are depicting their Isabels and their Clementinas, not imagine that they have to describe denizens of some different planet; then we should be spared the unreal, unnatural wooden dolls, which either on stilts or in slippers shuffle through their prescribed three volumes, doing every thing in the world except seeming for one moment genuine women.

Fanny. You are severe on the gentlemen novelists, but really not more so than they deserve.

Mrs. Smith. I am glad you agree with me. But to return to the Head of the Family. Ninian has a sort of ward, Hope Ansted, the daughter of a runaway bankrupt,—who is a reckless character, sketched with no common truth and force,—and the poor girl is in her desolation received into the family circle and treated and considered as one of Ninian's sisters. Hope is a charming character; not wonderfully brilliant or amaz-

ingly beautiful, but something much truer and better — a gentle, earnest, affectionate girl, that steals into Ninian's strong, manly heart before he is aware. Now come the strife and the struggle; his love remains unspoken; and Hope, whose deep reverence and sisterly love a word would have fanned into something warmer, weds another, that other being the villain of the book, the sleek gentleman of fortune, the betrayer of Rachel. I must read to you a scene between Ninian and his younger sister Christina, familiarly called Tinie. This sprightly lassie has just received an offer of marriage. You will guess that her heart is not quite her own, though far enough from the keeping of Mr. MacCallum.

“And what am I to say to Mr. MacCallum?”

“Say? Nothing! Or just tell him that I never meant any thing but fun, and I couldn't think of marrying him — a comical, fat, little goose of a man. I wonder he could ever fancy such nonsense!” replied Tinie, whose light spirits revived in a brief space of time. Strangely, bitterly, they jarred upon her brother.

“Child,” said he, “you have done a wrong thing. In this matter, my heart goes more with that poor man than it does with you. If, instead of your thoughtless message, I told Mr. MacCallum you were not worthy this sincere attachment of his, it would be nearer the truth.”

"Tell him so then — little I care!"

"No, I will not tell him. But I will write at once, as he entreats me; and something in his perseverance touches me, so that I shall do it more warmly than I would have done a week ago, when I thought he was a mere wealthy simpleton, beneath the least notice of my sister."

"And you think him not beneath my notice now?"

"No; because he offers you an honest heart, which, though refusing, no woman ought contemptuously to spurn. Child, you are young; you don't know the world or the men in it — how lightly they love, how continually they play and trifle with girls' hearts, — especially such gay, sparkling creatures as you, — and never say frankly, as Mr. MacCallum does, 'I love you; be my wife, and I will try to make you happy.' And if I must explain all, — mind, I do it, not thinking of my own feelings in the matter, but simply fulfilling my duty towards this honest man, who has left his cause in my hands, — I ought to tell you, Christina, that, as the world goes, this would be deemed no unworthy offer for a girl entirely without fortune, between whom and poverty hangs only one life — mine. I say this because I wish to lay all sides of the case before you, that at no after time you may repent of your decision."

This was a long, grave speech, the first of the kind

that Tinie had ever heard from Ninian. She looked up a moment to see if he were in earnest. He was, indeed; she even felt delighted at the stern lines of his face.

"Would you be glad, then, if I married Eneas Mac-Callum?" she asked.

"I never said that."

"No; but you implied it. I see how it is. Miss Reay was right in what she told me—I believe it all now," cried Tinie, the angry tears rising to her eyes.

"You believe what? Nay, answer—I must know!" said Ninian, firmly, though his face flushed.

"That some of these days you would long to be rid of us; that we—the twins and myself—ought to make haste and get husbands, ere we found we had no home in our brother's house."

"And you believed this? Go on; tell me all she said."

"All! as if that were not enough! No, thank Goodness! I have not yet seen my sister-in-law. I did not suppose you would marry a mad woman like Mrs. Armstrong, or a mere baby like Hope Ansted, or ——"

"Or Miss Reay herself," added Ninian, trying to smile. "Tinie might imagine even that, when once she takes into her head such unjust thoughts of her brother."

He was indeed one worthy the name of man, who

could speak so calmly, with a voice that never betrayed one trace of the struggle beneath—the passion, the self-reproach, the love warring against other love, and the stern, iron hand of duty laid over all.

“Were they unjust! O, say over again that they were unjust! You couldn’t do it, Ninian; you couldn’t turn away your poor little pet and marry her to any stupid fool that asks her; no, not even that you might take a wife yourself! Never mind what Miss Reay said—the wretch! If I had really believed it, it would have broken my heart.”

So exclaimed the little creature, pouring out her feelings amidst a shower of tears, trying to draw Ninian’s hands to her, and wondering that he stood so grave, so cold, so unlike himself, though without a shadow of unkindness or anger.

“You will forgive me now? I would not grieve you for a moment, my own brother! We all know what an angel of a brother you are. You will never think of marrying when we love you so much? That was what I said to Miss Reay. Tell me, only tell me that it is so! You will never go and love some stranger, and leave your sisters alone in the wide world?”

He turned his face upward; it was very white, or else the sunshine made it seem so. He said, “God is my witness, I never will!”

Then he sat down on a stone and let his little sister creep to him, clasping him round the neck, laughing and crying at once, breaking off at times to murmur, "O, forgive me!" "O, don't let my naughty words grieve you!" "Ninian, — brother Ninian, — you are quite sure you love me better than you love any one?"

"What, not satisfied yet?" And he tried to look at her with his old smile and caress her in his old affectionate way, but could not. "God forgive me!" he muttered, and once more turned his face up to the broad sky, that wore to him a brightness like marble, as dazzling and as hard. He was thankful that Tinie's tears blinded her, so that she did not see her brother.

"Yes, indeed, I am quite satisfied! I will never grieve you any more — never! Say that you are not grieved now — at least not very much."

"O, no! O, no!" He patted her hands, which held him so closely; and then, as he rose up, their clasp dissolved of itself. "We must walk on now, Tinie — at all events, I must. I think," — he faltered, as if for the first time his heart recoiled at the necessary hypocrisy, — "I think you will be tired if you go farther; nor shall I like you to return alone."

"I am not tired in the least, and I would like to walk with you all the way to Helensburg."

"It will not do," said Ninian, with a faint smile. "I

have business. I must send my wee sister back, now that we have talked over all we had to speak about."

Tinie looked ashamed. She waited a minute for him to recur to the subject of their earlier conversation; but he did not. He walked along mechanically, as if oblivious of every thing. She said at length, timidly, —

"Brother, I know how wrong I have been about that letter. Will you tell me what I must do? or will you tell Mr. MacCallum yourself?"

"Tell Mr. MacCallum what? Ah, yes, child, what we were saying. I understand!"

"You will write to him, then? Tell him I am very sorry, — I am, indeed, — and I will never do so any more," said the little maiden, in a tone of great compunction. "For the rest, brother, you know what to say."

"Yes! yes!" He drew his hand over his eyes. "I am very stupid, Tinie; but I did not quite hear you. My head aches, the sun so dazzles on the loch. Tell me over again what you wish written, and I will do it at once. I rather think I shall walk to Dr. Reay's."

"O, don't write the letter there! Pray, pray don't tell the Reays any thing about it. She would think, and he would think ——"

"Think what?" said Ninian, attracted by the degree of alarm expressed by his sister.

"I don't care — I don't care — not a jot! The

professor may consider me what he likes — a foolish little thing ‘of the genus *Papilionaceæ*,’ as I heard him say. But I don’t choose that Miss Reay, knowing I have refused Mr. MacCallum, should therefore imagine — what she had the insufferable impertinence to tell me one day ——”

“More confessions? Nay, wee thing! don’t stammer. Let us have them!”

“She said I was trying — and you, too, in your eagerness to get me married — that — that I should be made her niece. There, you have it now! No wonder I was in a passion; no wonder I have been playing all sorts of wild games. She shall never think I want to catch people that have all brains and no heart — dry, musty, geological, old ——”

“Nay, keep that foolish little head cool. Nobody with any sense, certainly not Kenneth Reay himself, would ever dream of such a ridiculous thing,” said Ninian, trying to reassume his ordinary manner and to turn his mind to the things she was talking about. But he heard them and answered through a mist; they made no impression upon him. Only once more he attempted to send away Timie, dismissing her with a smile and a jest.

“Go home, lassie; I will keep your counsel. And don’t get into more love labyrinths for your sage elder

brother to have to dash in and rescue you. He might get lost himself, you know."

"O, no fear! Nothing would ever bewilder brother Ninian," cried the blithe creature, as she turned back and went singing along the shore of the sunny Gare Loch.

Fanny. I guess that the young lady is in love with the professor, though she does rail at him.

Mrs. Smith. I shall not tell; but even this one passage may give you an idea of the book.

Fanny. I am sure I shall like it.

Mrs. Smith. I have half a mind to say I will not read another novel for three months to come. I cannot read poor ones, and the good ones are so interesting — I would say exciting if I were not tired of that hackneyed word — that there is no laying them down.

Fanny. Especially one like the HEAD OF THE FAMILY, which is not to be skipped and rattled through; for so much of its merit consists in its subtle touches of character and powerful writing.

SCANDAL IN FAIRYLAND.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Do you hear the Breeze whispering? Hush! hush!

Do you hear him? Now listen to me:

There's a bonny sweet Brier there, hid in the bush;

And he whispers and kisses, and makes her to blush:

But I'm told by a dear little spy of a Thrush

He has rivals — and one is the Bee;

Entre nous,

He's a very rich rival, the Bee.

We all know how the Fuchsia tight laces —

Well, her cheeks have grown perfectly red;

And I've heard it reported in several places

That the Lily is losing the whole of her graces,

That failing and fading her beautiful face is,

Through tippling cold dewdrops in bed;

Entre nous,

It's a bad habit tippling in bed.

They *do* say that the Rose is a figure,
 (But we mustn't believe half they say,)
That she's losing her petals and lacking her vigor,
Growing weaker and weaker, and bigger and bigger —
It's a shame among friends to use overmuch rigor.
 But, hark you ! I saw her to-day ;
 Entre nous,
I'm afraid she *is* fading away.

Have you heard little Puck is exiled ?
 Such, I vow, was reported to me ;
Yes ! for being a somewhat too tricksome and wild,
And behaving far more like a little pet child
Than a decent small fairy, whose pranks should be mild.
 But Pease Blossom is waiting for me ;
 Au revoir,
You'll remember the Brier and the Bee !

LIFE'S KOH-I-NOOR.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

OF all the pleasures life can give,
Of all that makes it blest to live
 Upon this lukewarm earth,
Grant me but one congenial mind
Wherein my own can ever find
 All sympathy's sweet worth.

Not a submissive, pliant thing,
Which unto mine would meekly cling,
 The semblance of a shade,
That could but think as I had thought,
As if it had the echo caught
 Of every speech I made.

The kindred mind my love desires,
Something beyond a power requires
 To image back my own ;

Its rich ideal world within
Should peopled be with tastes akin,
But not that mine had sown.

Its precious attributes should be —
To feel deep interest in me ;
That interest to impart ;
To learn, not track, my inner ways ;
To note, not use, my mental gaze
By Love's perceptive art.

To waken life, and warmth, and light,
Where hang the dewy damps of night
Around my slumb'ring breast ;
So that those rays of mind may shine
Back on the chosen one from mine
With all my soul impressed.

To deem it favor's choicest task
My mind or body's aid to ask,
A smile or tear to claim ;
And so with hand, eye, tongue, and ear
Be ready, watchful, and sincere
In offering me the same.

To bid me view its hidden cells ;
To tell me what there secret dwells,

Be it of joy or woe ;
A thrill of happiness to feel
Whene'er it would to me reveal
What none but I should know.

With me to tread the path of flowers—
With me to pass life's thorny hours,
And still together learn
To walk above with angel feet,
Where truth is full and bliss complete,
Where sin knows no return.

Call it Affection, Friendship, Love,
A gleam on earth of heaven above,
Faith, Trust, or Constancy ;
All would unite to make us blessed
All in a word may be expressed,
And that is — Sympathy.

Say not two mortals here below
Such unison can never know,
So pure and so sincere ;
Perfection none indeed attain,
Yet surely 'twere not *quite* in vain
To strive for something near.

MR. JOHN CAMPBELL'S MISTAKES.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

THERE was a lyceum in Loudon. It had some Greek name, which I have forgotten, as we seldom tried to pronounce it. Almost all the young gentlemen of the place were members of it, and sharpened their wits during the winter by weekly contests with each other. At the close of the season they usually held a public debate, to which the ladies were especially invited. The subject announced for discussion upon the only meeting which I attended was whether, "intellectually considered, women are equal to men."

I presume this topic was chosen out of respect to the fairer part of the audience; and it was one too generally interesting not to command a full attendance. Every bench in the large hall was crowded with ladies in their prettiest array. Many of the gentlemen were obliged to stand during the whole evening; others encroached

upon the seats reserved for the speakers or gathered round the platform.

Some of the disputants, "unaccustomed to public speaking," were thrown into such great consternation by finding themselves gazing down upon so many bright eyes and rosy cheeks that, after stammering out a sentence or two, they fled precipitately down from their trying elevation to hide themselves among their companions. All these, I am happy to observe, were on the negative side of the question.

Those who spoke in the affirmative had too good an opportunity to pay the ladies highflown and astonishing compliments not to improve it. One of them, I remember, compared woman to "the moon careering like a storm through the firmament and throwing light on the orb beneath."

I doubt much whether

"That white-orbed maiden,
With bright fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,"

was ever known to forget the usual serene majesty of her slow progress through the sky in so surprising a manner; but I am afraid it is but too true that woman, especially in these latter days, does sometimes "career like a storm."

There was an inconsistency in the bestowal of applause that my rigid sense of justice rebelled against. The gentlemen, on whom this duty devolves by long usage and faithful performance, clapped and stamped with the most gallant and generous forgetfulness of their hands or boots whenever any particularly felicitous compliment to the ladies was uttered; even the slightest hint in that direction or flattering allusion met with ready sympathy and approval; while all the speeches in the negative were heard in the most profound and depressing silence. My feelings of compassion were quite moved for the poor unfortunates who had chosen so unpopular a side. If it had not been for my strict ideas of propriety, and my timidity, and my thin boots, and very tight French gloves, I would have given them a little encouragement myself. I had the heart to do it; but there were too many obstacles in the way.

Yet when the decision was pronounced, and, though all the best speakers and best arguments had been in favor of "Heaven's last, best gift," it was given against the sex, the room rang and shook again with the clamorous approbation with which the sentence was received. It was a Parthian arrow shot at us; and, coming at a moment when we were looking for victory, the surprise utterly routed us. I have never again, I hope, wasted so uselessly my stock of sympathy.

The evening of this particular speaking was rendered memorable in Loudon by an event which occurred just after the performance. It was a case of love at first sight — that most romantic of all romantic things.

Mr. John Campbell, a young gentleman studying law with his uncle, Mr. Woods, fell in love at the first glance he caught of the fair face of Imogen Edwards, a young lady returned a few days before from the convent at Georgetown, where she had been completing her education.

Of course the attack was sudden. One moment Mr. Campbell was as free as air; woman was to him, and had been since he was sixteen, nothing but an obstacle, a perplexity, an embarrassment. He had no objection to their sharing the world with him; but he wished that they would keep out of his way — it was all he asked. They would not grant him that simple favor; so he walked squares to avoid meeting any one of them that he knew would expect a bow from him. There was a very talkative and benevolent maiden lady who took it into her head that he was dull and moping, and persisted in hunting him out of every corner in which he took refuge, or stopping him in the street to have a little chat with him and “cheer him up,” as she said. How he dreaded the sight of her! He had walked miles, plunged into alleys and lanes when they were in a state

of mud that rendered them almost impassable, and darted into his friends' offices or shops — and all to avoid the good, gossiping, little Miss Parker.

But his hour was come; and in one second he was drowned so deep in love that all assistance was in vain. Perhaps my younger readers would like to know exactly how and when the deed was done.

The debate was ended. The ladies, after having been raised to the seventh heaven and dashed so suddenly to the earth again, were gathering themselves together with a most wonderful unconcern and lightness of spirit, proving of what elastic materials they were made, and discussing the merits of the several speakers. Some remark was uttered that Imogen thought amusing, and she laughed. That low, sweet laugh, like the silvery tinklings of a musical box, struck upon Mr. Campbell's ear as the pleasantest sound he had ever heard.

He was standing near her; for, though he avoided all mixed society where any of the burden of the entertainment might fall to his share, he rather affected crowds and assemblies, where he could be allowed to remain a mere listener and observer. Attracted by the laugh, he turned to discover from whom it proceeded, and saw a fresh, delicate young face, whose dimpled cheeks and parted lips confirmed the sweet assurance the voice had given; and the unconscious Imogen

completed her first conquest. Yet she was not remarkably pretty. There were many handsomer girls in Loudon. It was the dovelike expression that innocence and amiability gave her face that made her so attractive.

The next evening there was to be a party; and Mr. Campbell announced his intention of attending. His aunt was amazed; for he had steadfastly refused all former invitations and entreaties. She was astonished, too, when he came down prepared for the evening, to see how well he looked when carefully dressed; for he was generally very negligent in his attire.

"Why, John," said she, "I had no idea you were so good looking."

He seemed quite pleased, but said, —

"Don't you think, aunt Ellen, the barber here cuts hair shockingly? It seems to me mine never looked so badly; and my coat fits dreadfully; I am going down to New Orleans to get a new one as soon as I can."

"Aha! Somebody has made an impression on that flinty heart of yours. Nothing less could work such a change. Who is it, John? Is it Imogen Edwards?"

The color rose to his forehead as he replied, —

"Can't a man go to a party without being in love, aunt Ellen? And of course, if I do go, I want to look

like the rest of the people. To tell the truth, though," he continued, after a moment's pause, "I do think her the prettiest girl I have ever seen — beautiful, in fact; and I wish, aunt, that you would contrive to introduce me to her. But I have seen so little of ladies lately that I have forgotten how to talk to them. I haven't the first idea on the subject. I have been puzzling my head about it all the afternoon. If I could begin, I could go on, I am sure. Couldn't you help me out a little?"

Those are perplexities that meet with very little sympathy; and his aunt only laughed at him and amused herself by proposing all kinds of absurd and ridiculous remarks with which he might at least astonish the young lady. He listened patiently for a while in hopes of hearing something that might be useful; but at last he became a little indignant at being made a source of amusement, for he was very much in earnest.

"I will ask her to dance," said he.

"Don't, John, I entreat you; you know nothing about dancing; and you will commit a hundred blunders, you are so shortsighted. Besides, your parents disapprove of it so much — I do not know what they would say if they saw you on the floor."

"I think, aunt, they should have allowed me to learn dancing. Every gentleman ought to be familiar with

all those accomplishments that will make him feel at his ease in society."

"Well, John, there is no use in reasoning with a man in love. In one short night you are entirely changed. I suppose you have forgotten how often you have amused yourself at the expense of 'rational people with souls spending whole evenings in moving their feet about to a tune scraped by untutored fingers out of some poor fiddle.' Those were your very words. I thought them quite fine at the time. But little did I expect to see my sensible nephew bitten by the tarantula he pretended to despise."

"It is very easy to laugh, aunt Ellen; but that same nephew, now looking at society from another standpoint, says—and it is one of his most sensible remarks—that if people wish to go into society without feeling intolerably awkward there they must comply with its customs."

"Do any thing, John, but dance," was his aunt's last warning.

If he had attended to it his love affair might have had a different termination.

The dancing had already commenced when Mr. Campbell arrived with his aunt; and, Imogen entering soon after, Mrs. Woods seized a favorable opportunity to introduce them.

They stood for a moment in an embarrassing silence. Both were new to society and very diffident, and neither could think of a word to say. Rousing himself with a sudden resolution Mr. Campbell ventured to request the pleasure of her hand for the next "set."

Imogen danced very well; she had a slight, graceful figure that seemed to move itself through all the mazy windings of the reel and cotillon. Waltzes, polkas, and schottisches had not yet arrived in Loudon. She was very fond of it too; but her pleasure for that evening was soon destroyed.

A man desperately in love is not exactly in a fit condition to make his first attempt at dancing in a crowded ball room; his mind is not cool enough. And Mr. John Campbell achieved in five minutes the entire breaking up of the cotillon from his reckless determination to follow Imogen through every thing. If it would have given his mother a pang to know that he had danced, it made his aunt's heart ache to see how he did it.

Imogen retreated to her mother's side covered with confusion. She was very sensitive; and with the exaggerated importance the young attach to such little mortifications she imagined herself an object of ridicule and amusement to the whole room. She refused to dance any more that evening, and told her friends the

next day that "she could not endure Mr. Campbell; she hoped she should never see him again."

Her manner was so soft and gentle that Mr. Campbell, unused to reading the signs, slight but unmistakable, of a woman's preference or dislike, did not perceive her displeasure. It passed away in some degree after a time; but the first unfavorable impression remained.

Mr. Campbell was constant in his attentions and spent several miserable evenings with her, when long passages of silence were broken now and then by spasmodic attempts at conversation. Sometimes he would go home quite sad and desponding; at other times some little word or expression raised him to the summit of felicity. His general impression was that he was "coming on."

Once as he was leaving the room she said "Adieu" with a pretty French accent. This kept him awake all night. He repeated the word over and over, trying to catch the very tone in which she had spoken it; and there was no meaning of which it was susceptible that he did not extract from it.

Volumes might be filled with imaginary dangers from which he rescued her and the distress and sorrow from which he shielded her.

One very stormy morning he was indulging in these daydreams sitting in his study chair by the fire in his

office. The wedding was over; the house was bought and furnished, and she, the idol of his heart, transformed from the shy maiden that he was half afraid of to the busy little wife with a basket of keys in her hand, was just saying "What shall we have for dinner, John?" in the most matter-of-course way. He stopped to brood over this question for a moment. That "we," implying such a unity of interest, the familiar calling him by his name, the household nature of the question, filled his heart with more pleasant reveries than all the poetry he had ever read. He almost forgot that it was not real, when, glancing towards the window, he saw Imogen hurrying by without an umbrella, although the rain was falling in continuous streams rather than drops. It seemed as though the clouds had been seized with a hydropathic mania, and were determined to give the world and the poor atoms toiling on its surface a *douching*, (which is nothing but a German way of spelling *ducking*.)

Mr. Campbell, distressed at the thought of the delicate Imogen being caught in such a storm and delighted at the prospect of being of use to her, seized his hat and umbrella, as he supposed, and ran after her. She was walking very fast and was already some distance from his office; but he overtook her at last.

"Miss Imogen, let me offer you my umbrella."

For once she was really pleased to see him. She looked round with a smile, saying,—

“Thank you.” The smile changed to a look full of mirth and wonder. “Do you call that an umbrella, Mr. Campbell?”

His attention directed to it, he perceived that he held his cane upraised umbrella fashion in his hand. He was too much confused to speak.

“I do not think that will afford me much protection, Mr. Campbell—good morning!” And Imogen hurried on.

He returned to his office quite out of patience with himself. He called himself an “absent-minded idiot” and by every other opprobrious epithet he could find, walked up and down the room with hurried strides, then threw himself into a chair clasping his forehead with his hand. If any one had observed him they might have been justified in supposing he had committed some crime, in such distress did he appear.

At last he took refuge in reading Byron:—

“I have not loved the world, nor the world me,”

touched a sympathetic chord in his heart. But happening to light upon

“O that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister!”

he went off into a revery again, and, after meditating for some hours, resolved to take the first opportunity to decide his fate.

The next morning he received a letter which, on opening, he found to be a very spirited and amusing indictment in verse accusing him of an attempt to commit assault and battery on a lady in the public square.

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" he groaned, as he recognized the writing of Tom Jessup, the wittiest man in Loudon and one who never allowed a good story to be forgotten.

He had hoped that his blunder had not been observed; but he knew too well that concealment now was hopeless; for if every other window had been closely shut and barred, and among all the inhabitants of Loudon only Tom Jessup, like his peeping namesake of Coventry, had caught a glimpse of him with his uplifted cane, every loungee in the hotel or at the corners of the streets would be laughing about him before nightfall.

His prognostications were verified; for every person he met while going to and from his office seemed called upon to stop him with some question or remark they evidently intended to be very jocose and witty, and to which Mr. Campbell, though he was internally suffering tortures, felt obliged to hear with a calm and smiling face. It was as bad as running the gantlet.

But greater troubles were in store for him. All Imogen's distaste to him returned when she found that the whole town was amusing itself with his mistake. She could not bear the idea of having her name associated in any way with one who made himself so ridiculously conspicuous. She took the greatest pains to avoid him whenever they were thrown together in social meetings, and generally contrived to be out when he called.

Several weeks passed by; and during all that time Mr. Campbell had found it impossible to obtain even ten minutes' conversation with Imogen. One beautiful moonlight evening he took his flute, on which he played delightfully, and went out to serenade "the star of his night." For more than half an hour the dulcet tones of his instrument floated on the night air; and, tranquilized and soothed, he was still playing away vigorously, when Imogen's old nurse, who hated, she said, "to see the poor young man wasting his breath so," thrust her head over the gate and told him "'Twasn't of the least use; Miss Imogen had been gone these two days to Miss Percy's."

He returned home, not in despair, but in desperation; and, his tumultuous feelings demanding some expression, he seized a pen and found himself to his own great astonishment suddenly possessed of a poetic power, of

which he had supposed himself utterly deficient. He wrote several verses full of ardor and passion, and which were truly remarkable, not only from the facility with which they were written, but from their concentrated power and strength of expression. It was his first and last attempt at poetry; for his feelings were never again wrought to so high a pitch as to force from him such burning words.

He did not send the verses to Imogen, as he had intended. Cooler reflection determined him to keep them till the interview, which he was anticipating with so much trembling, hope, and fear, had taken place.

Not long after his attempted serenade he met her again at a party. Most unfortunately, as he thought, whenever he asked her to dance she was engaged. He did not imagine that she had made an arrangement with a good-natured cousin of hers to be at her command for that evening, that she might with truth plead a previous engagement. He asked her to walk in the piazza; but she replied that her mother did not like her to expose herself to the night air. He made numerous efforts to obtain an opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*, but in vain. At last he took refuge by Miss Parker's side, whose niece and namesake Imogen was. This relationship had gradually overcome Mr. Campbell's old dread and dislike of her; and he now often found himself seek-

ing her society when his own Imogen was inaccessible.

The time for the breaking up of the party arrived. The ladies were in the dressing room up stairs; the gentlemen, hat in hand, waiting in the passage below. That odious cousin, whose obliging disposition had already aroused the demon of jealousy in Mr. Campbell's heart, was standing near the staircase. Mr. Campbell took his station, a little in advance of him, at its very foot.

Many ladies passed in review before him and disappeared with their attendant cavaliers; but Imogen still delayed her coming. At last he heard an affectionate "Good night, Imogen," followed by a kiss; and two ladies came hastily down the staircase. The cousin stepped quickly forward; so did Mr. Campbell. "Will you take my arm, Miss Imogen?" said he to the first lady.

Born and brought up in Loudon, Miss Parker was oftener called even yet by her first name than her last; so, without being surprised,—for lately Mr. Campbell had been unusually attentive to her,—she accepted the offered arm, and they went out in the starlight together. His mistake was not so strange, either; for there was that general resemblance between the two Imogens in height and air that relationship often gives, and their evening wrappings almost hid their faces.

They had but a short distance to walk; and Mr. Campbell knew he had no time to lose — he plunged at once into the midst of his confession. He told his astonished listener how long and how ardently he had loved her.

“Dear me!” thought little Miss Parker.

He told her that he had loved her from the first moment in which he saw her.

“And I never even suspected it,” thought she.

He told her that without her life would be to him a burden, a dreary void.

“Poor fellow!” and little Miss Parker sighed and shook her head.

He told her that the aim of every thought, every wish, every hope of his through life would be her happiness.

“Dear me! dear me! I am really afraid for him,” thought little Miss Parker.

“And now will you not speak to me one word of encouragement?”

“Indeed, Mr. Campbell, you have taken me so by surprise that I don’t know exactly what to say. Don’t you think the difference in our ages ——”

They were standing by the door. Mr. Campbell had his hand on the knob, unwilling to turn it till his fate was decided. He flung the door wide open, gave one

searching glance at the lady's face as the light from the hall lamp fell on it, and, without a word, sprang down the steps and out of the gate. He passed Imogen walking slowly along with her cousin, but did not even touch his hat to her, though the same merry, musical laugh that had first charmed him again floated to his ears.

Mr. Campbell left Loudon the next day. His father had written for him to return some time before; but he had delayed on the plea of business. He concluded he had "done the business," and that there was nothing left for him to wait for. We often heard of him afterwards as one of the most promising lawyers in St. Louis.

I met him a year or two ago. Our conversation naturally turned on our mutual acquaintances at Loudon. He talked very frankly about his love for Imogen; and I was surprised to find how deep that old attachment had struck its roots. Not that he had been constant to her memory; "for several virtues he had" since "loved several women;" but he told me that she was the only one whom he had thought beautiful—the only one whom he had regarded as perfect.

I thought of her, long since a happy wife and mother, and, though married to a man by no means Mr. Camp-

bell's equal, yet remembering him only to smile at his mishaps. And then I fell to wondering at the love that is wasted in this world.

My story has a moral; but, for fear people would not suspect it, I will point it out to them :—

“ Look before you leap.”

SONNET.

BY G. A. D. BRUCKS.

How to my failing spirit shall be given
Realization of its cherished dream?
A bower of rest where golden mornings gleam
Smiles through serener depths of azure heaven;
Where I might watch the glorious tropic even,
When from the moon a tranquillizing stream
Of silver sheen, against the sunset driven,
Mingles with day the night's ethereal beam;
Where the gold orange shines 'mid glossy leaves,
And Nature's sweet benevolence we learn
From purpling grapes clust'ring aneath low eaves,
Where brighter flowers the evening dews inurn,
And the large moon a mellower influence weaves
Round nights whose intense stars divinely burn.

MIRANDA.

TEMPEST.

Miranda. WHAT is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Prospero. No, wench: it eats and sleeps, and hath
 such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stained
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

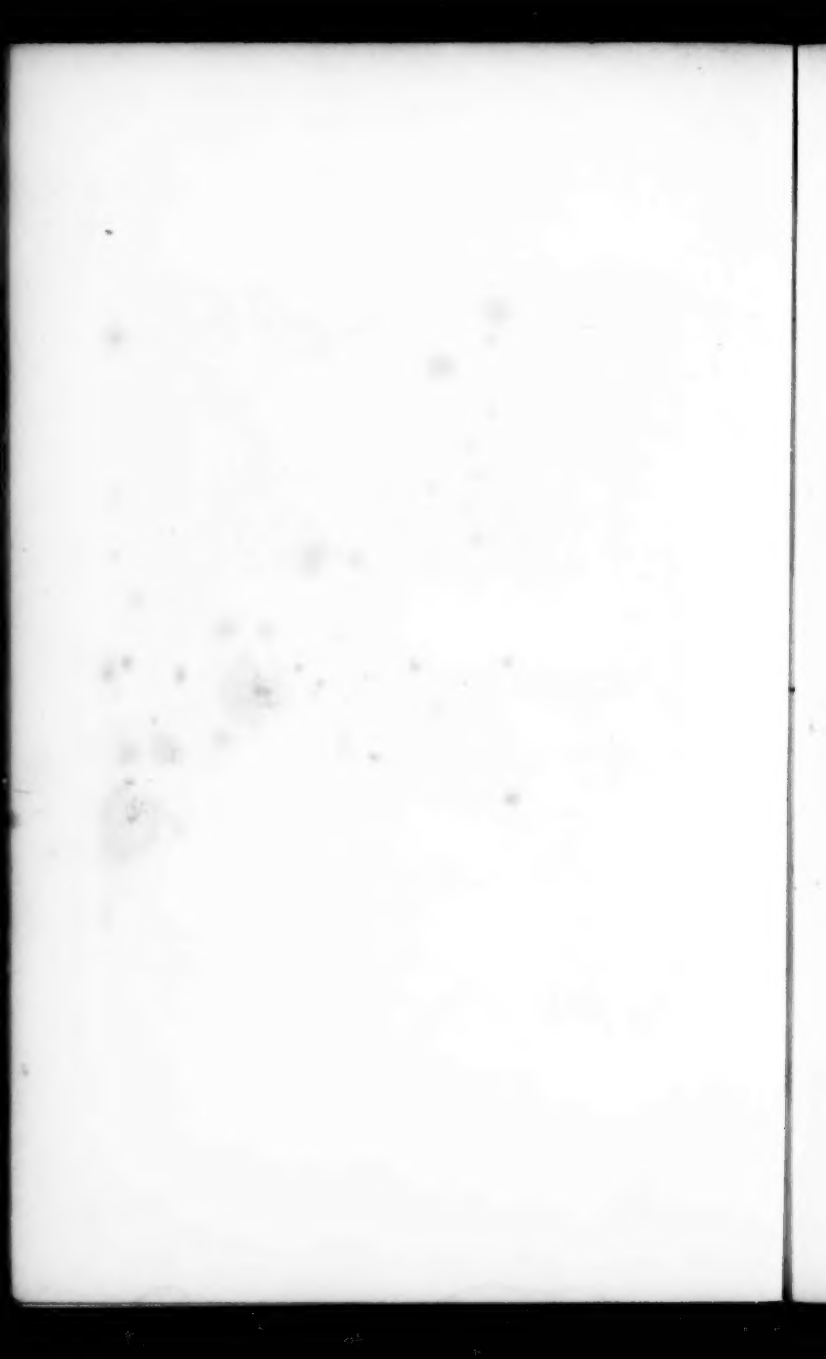
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
 thee

Within two days for this.



Miranda



Ferdinand. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend. Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here.

KATIE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"If ever I marry," Katie Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest, — "if ever I marry, the happy man — or the *unhappy* one, if you please — ha! ha! — shall be a person possessing these three qualifications: —

"First, a fortune.

"Second, good looks.

"And, thirdly, common sense.

"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three.

"Although I could never think of marrying a fool or a man whose ugliness I could be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one and shine for the other, with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intellectual man, to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Katie's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty

ideas of station and style; for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none doubted who had ever obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived at length when Katie was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly; when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but, as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and, discarding all except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between these two favored individuals. If I could have my way, one should be a poor genius and somewhat of a hero; the other a wealthy fool and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is, —

Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof — without the most distant hope, however, of ever

attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by discreet elderly people a "fine character;" by his companions a "noble, good fellow;" and by the ladies generally a "*darling*."

Katie could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of *rival*.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke") was no idiot or humpback, as I could have wished him to be in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, education, good looks, and fine manners; and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend was the power he possessed over Katie's sympathies and affections. The "duke"—although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—had never been able to draw these out; and the amiably conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However, she said to him one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate, — she said to him with a sigh, —

“O Frank, I am sorry that we have ever met!”

“Sorry?”

“Yes; for we must part now ——”

“Part?” repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

“Yes, yes,” said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she — the proud Katie — wept, wept bitterly.

“Katie,” said he, then, with a burst of passion, “I know you love me; but you are proud, ambitious, selfish. Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word, and I go.”

“Go!” murmured Katie, very feebly; “go!”

“You have decided?” whispered Frank.

“I have!”

“Then, love, farewell!”

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face, then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse of the instant, and twined her arms about

his neck ; but in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

" *Shall I go ?* " he articulated.

A feeble *yes* fell from her quivering lips.

And an instant later she was lying upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately, alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated ; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her breathing became more regular and calm. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over — the agony was passed. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and arose cheerfully to receive him. His manners pleased her ; his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand ; she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement ; but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could not repress a sigh.

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired,

dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with every thing around her swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairyland, Katie gave her hand to the man her ambition, not her love, had chosen.

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her; she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her outward existence to adorn it and make it bright with happiness.

But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her own breast.

Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, kind, and loving; but all the attentions and affections she enjoyed could not fill her heart.

She had once felt its chords of sympathy moved by a skilful touch; she had known the heavenly charm of their deep, delicious harmony; and now they were silent, motionless, muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead; not the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft. Having known and felt the life of sympathy in love she could not but mourn for it and sigh

for it, unconsolated by the life of luxury. In short, Katie in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent in her husband. He could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joy was unsatisfactory, however; and, impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unquenchable by golden streams that flowed around her, panting with a hunger not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered with angry and desperate taunts of deception and a total lack of love which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried; "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong, sinful," Katie remonstrated.

"Yes; I know it!" said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart? Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in

sympathy? Who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience; for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Katie, calming herself; "I will not complain. I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But, granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes; I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brows gathered darkly; his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked Katie, trembling.

"The world will admire *you* the same; and what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few know the conventional meaning of the term *husband* and *wife*; but do you know what it *should* mean? Do

you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummery! Farewell! I go to consult friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now, for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud,—

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why did I sacrifice love and happiness to such fate as this? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry. Her head lay peacefully upon her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses, until with a start she cried,—

"Frank! O Frank, come back!"

"Here I am!" said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head—she opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her!

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Katie; "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me from you so cruelly, I know. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found you here where I left you — asleep."

"O, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would *that* be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to *me*!"

"No; I thought I gave my hand without my heart."

"Then, if you gave *me* your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through tears; "and here it is."

She placed her fair hand in his: he kissed it in transport.

And soon after there was a *real* marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; not followed by a life of luxury, but by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Katie Yale.

FAITH.

'Tis enough that I have loved thee
And that I love thee now;
'Tis enough that thou hast proved me
And won my spirit's vow.
There's a bond of truth between us
Eternal as 'tis dear;
And its purity will screen us
From the rebuke we fear.

Dost thou need a surer token
That my faith is fully gained?
'Tis enough that I have spoken
With sympathy unfeigned.
Temptation well hath proved me —
So let it prove me now:
'Tis *enough* that *I have loved thee* —
That thou hast won my vow.

AN HOUR IN A DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

BY SARAH ROBERTS.

I STROLLED the other day into a daguerrian gallery ; and, after amusing myself with looking round on the numerous faces, old and young, beautiful and ugly, that decorated the walls, and conjuring up the various characters they represented, I threw myself on a corner of the sofa and for the sake of amusement watched the many groups that one after another passed in and out.

"This is truly the democratic, the levelling age of every thing," said I to myself. "In years gone by, to procure the precious likeness of a friend was only in the power of those who had great wealth at command ; but now, in the twinkling of an eye, for a single dollar, the humblest citizen can possess the treasure. Wonderful discovery ! Kind, blessed power !"

I was roused from my reflections by hearing a slow, heavy footfall on the stairs. The door opened ; and a

young man with an honest, sunburnt face, in a sailor's best dress, fathom of black ribbon and all, with a reeling gait as if just from shipboard, entered. A smile of great satisfaction beamed on his broad, good-natured face; and he was leading by the hand a small, humble, quiet-looking old lady, poorly but very neatly dressed. He seated her most tenderly in a chair quite near me; and at a second glance I perceived she was blind. She appeared to be very old, and trembled much from fatigue and weakness. The sailor looked upon her with much affection and delight, and, approaching the artist, said, —

“Can you make a picture of her, mister? I hope she is not too old, or that her being blind won't make any difference; her eyes are open, you see, and look as good as yours or mine, though the dear old soul has been blind these twenty years. Please to try, sir; for you see she is my mother; and I have plenty of money to pay for it; and I must have her dear old face to take away with me; and she wants you to take mine, for me to leave with her — for I am just going to take a long voyage, sir. Though she cannot see, she says she can hold it in her hand and kiss it, and know that it is me. I am her only child, sir — all she has left out of a husband and ten children. She wept herself blind, they told me, when I was an infant; for I am the youngest, and all the world to her now.”

Jack's garrulity was stopped by the artist's requesting him to seat his mother before the camera; and he was loud in his praises at the success.

Next entered — O, such a pleasant group! — a young couple, followed by a nurse bearing a lovely child of about a year and a half old in her arms. Well might they wish to have perpetuated the remembrance of such a beautiful child — large, dark, full eyes; soft, golden curls; and that expression of angelic purity seen only in infancy. A fanciful little chair, richly carved and cushioned, was brought in to hold the treasure. How happy they all looked! The mother was very youthful and scarcely less beautiful than the child. “How long will this felicity last?” thought I. “Will this sweet child be torn from their fond embrace and consigned to an early grave, or will he in after years bring agony and shame to the hearts of those who have cherished him? Or will all their fond imaginings be realized? God only knows. How pleased they looked as they propped up the little darling in his pretty chair! — the young mother, now arranging this curl, now the dress, now displaying to more advantage the dimpled shoulder and arm, and now the tiny naked foot, encouraging by tender words the timid infant. All was at last satisfactorily arranged; and I heard the parents say, when it was finished, it was almost as pretty as wee Willie. My

blessing went with the sweet child and the happy pair as they left the room.

A tall, gentlemanly man now entered, holding in his arms a delicate, frail-looking little girl about four years old. He was dressed in a suit of deep mourning; and the sad expression of his refined and noble countenance told that grief was in his heart. "A widower," thought I, "and his only child;" and I think I was not mistaken. The little creature was most richly and exquisitely dressed; and her almost baby face seemed also to wear an expression of sadness. "No mother, poor little one," mused I; "you have lost what can never be replaced." As if in reply to my thoughts, she clung closely round her father's neck. "Ah, love him, cling closely to him while you can; man's nature is not woman's; business, pleasure, power, and other love than yours will soon fill his heart, now yours alone. Other ties will be his; the first love may pass into forgetfulness and her child into neglect; but I hope better things for thee, sweet Nelly," — for so her father called her; "but should the time come, this miniature of thy delicate, loving, tender childhood may bring back the warm blood to his estranged heart.

"Country lovers," I said to myself, as the door opened, and a sunburnt, hard-working man entered, all in his Sunday best, which made him feel and move

rather awkwardly, followed by a round, cherry-cheeked damsel, looking modestly on the ground, with many an extra ribbon and flower decorating her really rustic beauty. After various preliminaries, —

“How will you be taken?” inquired the artist.

“O, side by side, *of* course,” answered the man. “Susey and I always sits side by side whenever we can; don’t we, Susey?” said he, taking her hand with great gallantry to lead her to the seat. “Why, don’t the tyown’s folks know that Susey and I has kept company now going on these two year? I don’t like such leetle uns as them,” he continued, pointing to some of the miniatures. “Make us pretty big, can’t you? If you must stint either on us, why, stint me a leetle and don’t stint Susey, that’s all. I don’t want to lose none on her; she is too harndsome for that — ain’t you, Susey?” said he, giving her a loud smack on her rosy cheek, which brought the blood rushing into Susey’s face.

“If you do that agin, John,” she said, “you sha’n’t have my face made on your pieter at all; and how you’ll look sitting all alone on a pieter — such a homely man as you are!”

“That would be bad enough, to be sure,” said John. “Well, I will wait until we get home to give one to the other cheek.”

“Please sit perfectly still,” requested the artist.

"Hand so we are," answered John. "But I suppose we can talk a leetle, just to kill time, as I suppose we'll have to sit here till sundown."

"Please not even to speak," said the artist.

"Well, that's pretty hard, sitting so nigh Susey; but I'll try," was the answer.

They sat perfectly quiet, hand in hand; and in the usual time the plate was taken from the camera.

"You may rise now, if you choose," said the artist.

"What for?" asked the man. "I told you we wanted to be taken sitting side by side and hand in hand, so as, when we grow old, we might remember how we courted under the old apple tree and by the fireside. If you can't take us to suit ourselves, I'll hire the job done somewhere else."

"It is done," answered the artist. "Wait a few moments."

"Done! That you can't make me believe," said John. "'Stonishing how these city folks thinks we country folks are all fools; but I'll let you know, mister, I am called a rale cute un in our parts. 'There's no cheating John Simpson,' every body says. Susey and I got up early this morning; and I got Tom to do my work, and Susey got Molly to do hern. And a rale lot we both have to do; for Susey is a rale smart un about house, and so is I about the farm; and we rode four-

teen miles to come here to get our faces made, because we sawed un that you took here of Judy Smith and Phil Hayes — only Judy ain't half so harndsome as my Susey; and now you want to cheat us out of it, hurry-ing of us over in this style as if we warn't nobody. I'll pay you, mister, just as much as your fine city folks that owns these faces all over your walls; and one folk's money is as good as another folk's money. I choose to set a proper spell. Why, I just got to putting on my best 'spression — the one Susey told me to: kyind o' so; and you say we may get up. 'Taint fair, nohow you can fix it. Well, mister, I sha'n't pay whole price without I sits long enough to pay for it."

The good-natured artist looked much amused, and could not refrain from laughter.

"You may laugh, sir," said John; "but we country folks knows a thing or two. You can't cheat an old crow."

The artist left the man talking to finish the daguerreotypes, and in due time returned and presented it to him.

"Land o' mercy, Susey!" he exclaimed, his face beaming with delight, "if there ain't you and me! How did you get us, mister? I know Judy and Phil told you how we looked when they was down; and so you got it all ready for us to surprise us with. Well, you

have just hit it; and you are a bright un. Shake hands, mister. O land, how natrel we do look — 'specially Susey! Susey, you are a beautiful picter; and I ain't none of the ugliest — bees I, Susey, with my Sabbadays on? I looks like a gentleman, for sartin, 'cept that my hands is rather bigger than some I've seen; but that's a trifle. But there's no lady in the land can beat you for good looks, Susey, any day. Well, it warn't fair in Phil and Judy to tell you how we looked. I sha'n't tell you how any more on us looks down our way, because you'll be taking on 'em to sell; and nobody wants their faces sold all over the world for folks to make their fortins by. How much longer must we stay here, mister? Bein's you got our picter all ready for us, can we go putty soon?"

"Certainly," said the artist, "as soon as you have paid for it."

"Well, upon the whole, sir," said the countryman, pulling out a small greasy wallet, "I'm 'bliged to you for getting it ready agin we come; only, if you've got any more on 'em, just leave out Susey, — can't you? — or else all the fellers in town will be a-comin' down to find her out, and may be turn her head and get her away from me. Sich things has happened in books, you know — I'm a *leetle* of a scholar," he continued, giving the artist the squint as if he meant he was a good deal

of a one. "Well, Susey dear, we shall have a nice frolic to-day in the city — time enough for us to see the wax-work, and the dancing monkeys, and the giant, and the larned pig, and get some oysters, and ice cream, and all the good things city folks eat. Come along, Susey, my angel; we will make a day of it. Good day, mister; when this is worn out we will call agin."

As they were bowing and courtesying hand in hand out of the door backwards in true country style they stumbled on a group of schoolgirls, who came bounding into the room in the heyday of spirits and glee. There were six of them — what a pretty group!

"You must take us all on one plate, Mr. W.," said several, speaking at once.

"I want to sit by Kate," said one.

"And Cora and I want to sit together," said another.

The artist glanced with pleasure at the young fair faces, and asked them to be seated.

"You must group us in the way we shall look the best, and tell us how to sit gracefully," said another little fairy, throwing herself in a chair in the most graceful attitude possible. How long they were arranging themselves! The artist called upon me for an opinion as to the grouping; and I was glad of the chance to scan the bright and lovely faces. We succeeded in arranging

them satisfactorily to all ; but several attempts failed. Cora's large dark eyes looked small and light, or Bertha's soft blue ones dark and large ; or Kate laughed at the wrong time and declared her pretty mouth looked like a trapdoor ; Minna's was squint, or Ellen's nose was crooked. It was evident they came there as much for a frolic as for any thing. When they had almost exhausted the artist's patience they contrived to sit still, and procured an accurate and beautiful picture. I would have liked it myself, and asked the saucy little things most humbly to sit for one for my benefit. But even at fourteen the woman is too chary of her favors to throw them away lightly ; and I was peremptorily and unanimously refused. How gayly they chatted and laughed as they descended the stairs ! I listened until the last sound of their girlish voices died away, and sighed ; for woman's lot was on them.

"How short," thought I, "is the step from these gay, merry creatures to the sober, careworn matron ! What destiny is in store for them ? Will an early grave soon close over one of those fair young forms, and the foul worm riot on its loveliness ? Or will a long life of toil and care, of joys and sorrows, be the portion of all ? Their lots will be various. Who will have the tender, loving heart given her in return for her own deep, welling love ? Which of them will waste away through

cold neglect, and pledge her trusting love to a deceiver? Which of them will early wear the widow's sombre weeds, and weep in the dayspring of her joys over their grave? Which will in agony consign to the earth the sweetest treasures of her home, and in childless misery wend her solitary way? Who will rise a brilliant star in our literary horizon? I thought of Cora's intellectual brow and dark flashing eye. Who will be the weak devotee of fashion and folly? Kate appeared to me, with her already coquettish smile, chestnut curls, and varying hazel eye. Who will walk in the broad and wide way that leadeth to destruction? And who will meekly follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth? Should I see these fair creatures twenty years hence, even then, before life's allotted span were half told, I should not probably recognize one of them; hardly a trace of their youth and girlish beauty would be visible. God help them! God in mercy keep those sweet young creatures!" I mentally ejaculated, as my attention was attracted by two interesting figures just entering. One was an old man, very old, but still tall, erect, and muscular, his hair white and long, his eye undimmed and of a calm, holy expression, as if he already, though through a glass darkly, discerned the golden gates of the New Jerusalem which he must shortly enter. He was led by a fair young girl, of sixteen summers I should say,

in a dress of pure white, herself the picture and emblem of all that was pure and lovely:

"Gertrude will have a daguerreotype of her old grandfather, Mr. W.," said the old man; "and, on condition that she sits with me, I have consented to have it taken. But the truth is, I can refuse her nothing."

"Who could?" thought I, as I gazed at the modest face and beseeching eye of the gentle Gertrude. And what a contrast they were, as they sat there together! Gertrude took a low seat at her grandfather's knee — her pretty head resting on her tiny hand, her fair curls arranging themselves as they liked, and they certainly did like to arrange themselves in the most picturesque style imaginable. Nothing could be more touching or striking than the contrast, or more beautiful. The fine, noble-looking old man, with his snow-white locks, broad, high brow, and heaven-searching eye, just passing away to the world unseen, ready to be offered, the time of his departure at hand, life's toils and labors over, its wreath, its honors, its strife nothing to him, passing away. She in her almost infantine beauty, just on the threshold of life, full of hope and freshness, every thing wearing the rose-colored tint of early morning, no cloud, no care, fearing nothing, hoping all things; the one just entering the world of sense, the other the world of spirits — which was the most fearful?

But who is this walking in so daintily and so painfully in his pinched mirror-topped boots? Truly a Broadway exquisite come to have his pretty face perpetuated. Deluded puppy! wishing to perpetuate an empty brain! Mr. W. looks quite puzzled; for he, plain man, can hardly understand the fashionable lisp.

"Mithter W., I have thopped in to avail mythelf of your renowned thkill to obtain a daguerreotype of mythelf."

"Be seated, if you please, sir," said Mr. W. "I am now at leisure."

"In a moment," replied the dandy. He went to the mirror to see if all was *comme il faut*. "Dear me!" he exclaimed, "how unbecomingly Mothemp hath arranged my hair and cut my muthtache to-day! I declare, the curl on my left temple ith cropped tho clothely that the effect is odiuth, and the therenity of my expression is entirely thpoiled by the turn of my mutlitache. Indeed, I wath not aware of thethe imperfectionth when I entered; and I now pertheive that my crethent ring, which dithplays my hand more advantageouthly, ith left at home. Alath! how blind I have been! My collar ith one of lath monthth cut; and the air, being to the north-eath, hath given my complexion quite a thallow tinge. Excuthe me, Mithter W., to-day; I will prepare mythelf more becomingly and call again ath thoon ath the

curl on my left temple hath obtained a becoming length, and when the wind ith at the wethht; and, ath I path, I will thop and rebuke my barber for making me look tho like a shopboy. Good morning, thir;” and, drawing on his white kids, with his tortoise-shell walking stick beneath his arm, this exquisite piece of mortality and immortality left the room.

He was quite discomposed by being run over at the door by two sturdy little fellows, and a large, black, shaggy Newfoundland dog; they all came running in together.

“O Mr. W.!” exclaimed the eldest; “father says we may have Bruno’s daguerreotype taken; will you please take it?”

“If Bruno can sit still I will,” answered Mr. W.

“He can sit as still as a man; he has been practising for two months and has learned his lessøn well. Ever since he pulled little sister Amy from the water, when we were in the country two months since, we promised him he should have his daguerreotype taken; and he understands it as well as we do. Little Amy was reaching for waterlilies, one day, and slipped into the water, and would have been drowned if Bruno had not jumped in and taken her out. He drew her out very carefully and laid her on the bank, and then went to the house and tried by signs to make mother follow him.

Mother was very busy, and turned him from the room several times; but he always came back and looked at her so beseechingly, and pulled her dress, and looked towards the garden, that finally mother to his great joy followed him, and found our dear little Amy all dripping with water, lying on the grass, and just recovering from her terror. Father says Bruno saved her life, and we all want his daguerreotype. Come 'here, sir," he said to Bruno, "and sit for your picture."

Bruno immediately obeyed, and seated himself in the most becoming attitude for his likeness; and, to the great delight of the children, Mr. W. declared he did not even once wink his large human eyes during his sitting.

"Bruno is more of a man than the Broadway exquisite, though he has four legs and is ranked among 'the beasts that perish,'" I said to myself, as I followed the little fellows and the noble animal down stairs and walked thoughtfully homewards, musing on this short but varied picture from life's drama.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

CHRISTMAS is here ; and what doth it bring ?

What gifts do hope and memory bear ?

Rise our spirits on rapture's wing,

Or sink we down on the couch of care ?

How have we learned, in the months gone by,

Our yearly task of trial and sorrow ?

How oft have we cured disappointment's sigh

With the powerful faith that enchants to-morrow ?

Christmas is here ; and the trusting heart,

That hath suffered meekly its share of pain,

Must measure the worth of life's fairest part,

And count the best links of affection's chain.

We all shall discover great cause for praise

If we turn from the spell of joy's broken dreams,

And, fixing on Christ our constant gaze,

Move on to the home whence his mercy beams.

Though Christmas with Christmas charms hath come,
Though music and fiction hold Christmas store,
Though the Christmas roses and holly bloom,
They find me asking for something more.

A pensiveness mingles with every thought,
Shadowing gently the smiles of mirth,
Until I muse on the tidings brought
By angels to man of a Savior's birth.

Then without drawback my spirit rejoices ;
Perfectly happy is Christmas tide ;
I join the sweet choir of celestial voices
That carol of Jesus on every side.

"Glory to God!" be unceasingly given ;
Glad hallelujahs the universe fill ;
Whilst we who are heirs of the kingdom of heaven
Illume the way thither with "peace and good will."

LOOK BEFORE THEE.

Look before thee ; gaze on high ;
Fix on heaven thine upward eye ;
Heed not where the earthworms lie.

Look before thee ; guided still
By an all-controlling will,
To the river speeds the rill.

Look before thee ; onward ever
(O'er it though the shadows quiver
Slumberously) hastes the river.

Lo, where — thundering from afar —
Glory mounts her shining car,
Calls the nations to the war.

Freedom lifts her mailed hand,
Waves on high a flaming brand,
Sends a warning through the land.

Forward! 'tis the trumpet's clang;
Forward! there the clarion rang;
And the war horse forward sprang.

Look before thee; 'twere in vain
Now to trace thy steps again;
"Tarry not in all the plain!"

Forward! time is speeding fast;
Forward! danger waits the last;
Forward till the course be passed.

Onward till the work is done;
Onward till the race is run;
Onward till the goal is won.

So shall thy spirit soar on high,
Shake its glad wings, and speed the cry,
"Forward!" through eternity!

THE IMAGE OF LOVE IN CLAY.

BY MRS. WHITE.

"It is very pretty, very pretty indeed," said Abel Hardstaff, looking from the ceiling with its painted flower wreath and plaster of paris Cupid, suspended, with outspread wings, from the centre — a myth, anticipatory, as it seemed to the calculating bachelor, which had better have been left out in his friend's matrimonial preparations.

"Very pretty! But I think, had I been hurried into asking a woman to marry me at a time when I was short of money and out of work, I should not have spent on mere ornament what you may want in a day or two for absolute necessities."

"Pshaw! a mere trifle," ejaculated Nathan Slack, with a movement of the head which seemed to throw off with a jerk the necessity of his friend's censures. "Besides," he added, with a spruce air, "one does not get married every day."

"Just so," responded Abel, gravely; "but every day afterwards you will find *that you are married*, and that, with working men like you and I, it is best beginning as we intend to go on; the importance of the wedding day, in my estimation, is only as it affects the days to come. And now let me look at the other room. Have you got a Cupid there also?"

"No," exclaimed Nathan, delighted to turn the conversation from prudence to mythology. "My Venus will bring him with her; for, between ourselves, Abel, she is the sweetest girl I have ever seen; such perfect features, and blue eyes, and bright hair, and such a complexion! I flatter myself I have met on the *stage*" (Mr. Slack had been a scene painter, and loved to consider himself as belonging to *the* profession) "as much and varied beauty as most men; but my little wife (that is to be) surpasses all."

"It is only right that she should in your eyes," observed Abel Hardstaff, dryly; "but I think you seem to have made her prettiness the most important matter in your estimation of her. Is she good tempered, sensible, industrious?"

"She is a first-rate needlewoman, I understand," said Nathan; "and as for her temper being good, I can swear for it. Her sensibleness," he added, with a little laugh at the conceit, (not the less conceited for all that,)

"I think she has shown in accepting your humble servant."

I am afraid, in Abel Hardstaff's opinion, this was any thing but a convincing proof of the quality in question; for he said nothing, but, walking into the small, ill-furnished, and ill-ventilated bed room, surveyed it with a dissatisfied air, and came out again.

"There isn't much in it," said Nathan, deprecatingly; "but we shall get things about us by and by."

"There are no drawers, and the bed's a flock one," rejoined Hardstaff. "You haven't studied your wife's comfort much."

"O, she must make shift as well as others have done," replied the scene painter. "Rome wasn't built in a day."

"Then why not have begun these here?" continued Abel, looking up once more at the wreath and the Cupid. "You are going the way to make your wife a slattern. Women can't keep their clothes to rights nor their husband's either if they have no place to put them away; and, instead of reserving your best room for the use of your acquaintance, why not have made this the bed room, and nestled all the neatness and cosiness you could into it? Here you have breathing space and light, and there you have scarcely room to put a chair on any side between the bed and the wall; and whatever light and

air there would be is kept off by the narrow, closed-in yard on which it looks."

"What! and would you have *that* the parlor, then?" exclaimed Nathan, now thoroughly annoyed at what he deemed the hypercritical remarks of his friend.

"Rather than have it in the bed room, decidedly," said Abel. "Why, if you and your wife had the best health and tempers in the world, that room would be enough to destroy them. Two persons shut up in that space would exhaust all the wholesome air it could contain before half the night was passed; in which case you would rise feeling lassitude and low spirits and a sense of imperfect rest, which naturally tends to irritability of temper, loss of appetite, and finally absolute ill health."

"Well," exclaimed Nathan, "if I had known you were going to preach me such a sermon, I should have taken care not to have asked your opinion about the matter."

"That is showing me your value of the opinion, at all events," said Hardstaff, smiling. "And yet, Nathan, it is because I feel deeply interested in the step you are taking that I speak so freely to you. I know May Allen, (and his eye softened and his voice grew lower as he spoke;) I know her to be gentle and kindly in her disposition, and industrious and beautiful; but her meekness will become reserve if not nursed into strength by

perfect confidence, and *truth*, and kindness; and her small white hands, so skilful in the nice duties of a lady's toilet and the business of a seamstress, will require double work on your part to keep them so. Such hands, of all others, are the most untidy when brought down to the drudgery of a poor man's hearth. And, Nathan, there is something in her beauty," (and the workman spoke tenderly, as if it could be marred by mentioning it,) "something in her transparent color, fined off, as it were, till one scarcely knows where the shade of health ends and hectic commences, that tells me her life is as delicate as her complexion, and that any roughness, or coarse words, or unkindness, Nathan," (and Hardstaff looked fixedly at him while he spoke,) "would surely kill her."

"You appear to have paid such particular attention to her," said Slack, now thoroughly angry, "and to be so interested in her treatment, that I wonder you did not marry her yourself, to make sure that she would be taken care of."

"She would not have had me had I offered," replied Abel, calmly.

"Or, as the next best turn you could have done," continued Nathan, "advised her against marrying me."

"I would have done so," rejoined Hardstaff, firmly, "had there been any use in it; but, like all the rest of

her sex, she is blinded by her preference, and would only have scorned me for my pains. When it is too late, you will both waken to find you have mistaken a *clay love* for an immortal one." And, so saying, he hurried down stairs and out of the house, and though his dinner hour had not expired, and he certainly had not yet dined, proceeded straight to the printing office where he worked, and, laying aside his coat and hat, set himself quickly to some employment, upon the principle that labor physics pain.

In the mean while, Nathan Slack, highly indignant at what had passed, wrote a polite note to a person who had sent for him to regild the letters of his name over his shop front, informing him of an urgent business engagement elsewhere, and then retired to a public house to drown his annoyance in beer; in which he so well succeeded that, after several failures to retain his perpendicular on his way home, he arrived there shortly after midnight, in such a state of mental and personal muddiness as threatened to leave him without either habiliments or recollection for the events of the morrow, when he was to make May Allen, the pretty lady's maid, his wife.

He woke so late that, though a dim remembrance of his engagement to meet her at church that morning made him hurry up from his bed, he had neither time

and scarcely sense to remove the soil of the kennel from his clothes, which were his best, and I believe I may say his only ones, and started off in stupid haste to complete the most solemn engagement in this life.

Just within the church door, in a high, old-fashioned seat, sat May Allen, in her simple bonnet and white dress, the picture of daintiest neatness. No father, nor sister, nor any other relative was with her to countenance the step she was taking. She was alone here as she had been in the world almost from infancy, and like many of her sex, distrustful of her own strength, had accepted the first protection that offered, from an instinct of its need rather than from any well-grounded affection for the offerer. An orphan, accustomed to all the sorrowful trials that in their loneliness and dependence wait upon the poor and unprotected of her sex, especially when to youth is added the charm of a pretty face and graceful person, the attentions of Nathan Slack had wakened certain feelings of gratitude and pleasure which she mistook for love—a mistake as great as she had made in construing the reserve and indifference of Abel Hardstaff into apathy, and the selfish eagerness of the scene painter into affection. However, here was the wedding day, and close at hand the beginning of the end of her delusion.

A step paused at the pew door, the handle turned,

and May, who felt it was Nathan, timidly raised her eyes to see, not the trim bridegroom of her anticipations, but a disgusting-looking man, bearing in his neglected appearance marks of recent intemperance and unseemly haste, who, dropping down beside her, whispered a falsehood in apology for his tardiness, assuring her that he had been obliged to attend to some work in the city of a nature not to be neglected, and that he had only finished it in time to reach the church without making any change in his dress.

Poor May! Not even the thrifty industry implied in his excuse could counterbalance the disrespect for the place, the solemn service, and herself which this want of preparation of mind and body expressed, and for the first time a sort of doubt of their aptitude for one another occurred to her; *too late*, as she weakly imagined, to be entertained.

For the first time in her life (and this upon her bridal day) her neatness was out of place, and blushes more scarlet than those of maiden modesty covered her face with a distressing sense of shame at the discrepancy between her own appearance and that of the man beside her.

But the working-day, sullied aspect of the bridegroom's attire, in contrast with the purity and niceness of the bride's, was not the worst point of unlikeness between them.

In her face (which was fair as one of Raphael's angels) truth, innocence, and honesty were written with a golden clearness ; in his these virtues were reversed — the eye wavered with conscious falsehood, the brow in its closeness indicated cunning, and, when not sensual, the expression of the mouth became morose. But May, who had been laughed out of the infallibility of first impressions, (since when she had learned to think Nathan very agreeable and amiable,) only knew that, taken as a whole, the face was rather handsome than otherwise ; and of his temper and disposition, what could she learn in those short evening hours when the cares and labor of the day were done and Nathan relaxed into a lover ?

Shall we wait to see them come forth, followed by the eyes of the pew openers, and confronted by those of the beadle, who stands just within the portico, in the full glory of his cocked hat and gold-laced capes, with his brass-headed staff of office in his left hand, and a huge pinch of snuff in the act of being conveyed to his Bardolphian nose between the thumb and first finger of the right ? See ! the sun shines out and slants its beams upon the scene painter, and his bride, whose light form in her filmy robe clings to his side like the luminous edge skirting a darksome cloud in winter. Morally as well as externally the metaphor holds good ; but who,

(as they pass from the church steps to mingle and be lost sight of in the stream of humanity flowing through the great thoroughfare before them,) who shall say which moiety in this union of good and evil shall hereafter conquer? Shall the bright speck, born of its nearness to heaven, absorb the cloud into its own fair splendor? or shall *this* in its sullen darkness involve the light?

Alas! poor May; the struggle has already commenced, or rather, in the meek helplessness of her disposition, her submission. She cannot hide from herself that her innocent eyes have recognized that something in her husband's looks which, while disgustingly accounting for his conduct and appearance, fills her with apprehension and loathing. This first bitter test of the firmness of her affection has already shaken it, and her hand leans less confidently on the arm of her husband than it did the overnight on that of her lover.

Let us follow them home and into the room the decoration of which Abel Hardstaff had pronounced so pretty, and which, to May's quick perception, seemed so much more, that, with a sudden reaction of feeling, she forgave (for the sake of its fair symbolism) the disrespectful conduct of her bridegroom, with all the dishonor it had cast upon their bridal.

Poor simple girl! The imaged *Love* (which to her

looked pure and beautiful as Parian marble, though but of *clay*) was full of tenderest meaning — a myth, so she translated it, of the spirit of affection which Nathan, on his part as she on hers, desired to pervade their hearts and dwelling; while he, if the truth must be told, had never thought of sentiment in the matter. He felt, when sober, a certain vanity in his right-hand's cunning, which had resulted in the wreath; the Cupid was merely there for ornament. Such things decorate the cots of lovers in the gaslit Arcady of the theatres, and beyond this the artist had no meaning for their presence; and therefore, when May's blue eye turned from the decorated ceiling to himself with a timid look of grateful pleasure, Nathan understood it to convey a proper appreciation of his talent, and, for the sake of heightening it, could scarcely forbear throwing in another fib, and assuring her that it had all been done over night; but remembering how late he had been with the friends with whom she lodged, and how early (by his own account) he had attended his supposititious engagement in the city this morning, he found himself obliged to forego the opportunity, neat as it was.

It required but few days of wifehood to show May, not only the poverty of her husband's wardrobe and purse, but his worse want of principle and truthfulness. He seemed to have made Rochefoucauld's maxim, that

"language is given us to conceal our thoughts," his own, and to act upon it on all occasions. Day by day she trusted to his representations, to be from day to day deceived; added to which the habit of drink, which for one short week he had resisted, came back again in full force, overwhelming the miserable girl with new and terrible affliction. At first, after these breaches of decency and respect for her, he affected the greatest anger against himself, and attributed the occurrence to the custom prevalent with artisans of drinking together on such occasions and to the excitability of his own feelings from very joy that she was his—thus softening with tacit flattery the wounds he inflicted on her. But after a little time these outbreaks became so frequent that she could no longer doubt herself the wife of an habitual drunkard; and with this conviction the flowery links of faith and hope wore out together, making a very fetter of their bond.

Midnight, sometimes the breaking dawn, found her, with swollen eyes and beating heart, waiting in fear and loathing the return of this man who but a long month since had been so eager to make her the "loadstone of his home," the "joy of his life," the "anchor of his affections," and for whom she had parted with the pecuniary independence and plenty of respectable servitude

and that cheerfulness which freedom from all anxiety bestows.

Then there came with his occasional awakenings of conscience a sense of self-upbraiding, which reacted in irritability or ferocious outbreaks of temper, crushing out of her meek and loving nature all its gentleness, making her face thin and her voice sharp, and leaving but the careworn outline of a form that a few weeks back had been symmetry itself. So day by day her hair lost its brightness and her eyes their light; she grew careless of her personal appearance; her dress hung upon her rapidly declining figure, and was never altered; her home grew neglected; the warmth and neatness of her fireside waned. What cared she for either when the companion of them (that should be) was squandering in an alehouse whatever he had earned towards their maintenance throughout the day, while she sat there miserable and alone, fearing, while wishing for his coming, lest he should be in the state she was now almost nightly accustomed to see him — the gross, heavy bacchanalianism of *beer*?

And for all this was there no help? Where was the powerful ægis of her young, pure beauty, the arrowy words tipped with the honey of tenderness and persuasion, which she might have used against him and conquered? Alas! May wanted the moral courage

that should have interposed and defended him even from himself. She had tears, but not firmness, and, when her first timid efforts failed, gave up when she should most have struggled; and so, not gradually, but almost at once, sank down into the very being Abel Hardstaff had prognosticated—a nervous, slatternly, broken-spirited, reserved woman, wishing for the shadow of the grave while yet in youth, nor even desiring life when children were given to her.

In the mean while the dust settled on the *clay love* as it did on every thing else in this sad home, turning its beauty to disfigurement, its purity to a soil, till at length it became a darksome eyesore hanging bat-like from the ceiling, with wings forever spread forth as if longing to fly away but for the wire that kept and bound it there. And May, whose perceptions were rather quickened than blunted by suffering, and who saw in it a daily emblem of her own sad state, at last, in the hope of relieving herself of its ever-present memories, thrust it forth into the passage, where Nathan's eye fell upon it. Liking it no better than his wife, it was pushed out into the area, and the door closed upon it.

* * * * *

Years went by, sweeping with them Nathan Slack's credit, such as it had been, and his wife's good looks and health, but not her sorrows. The parlor, with its flower-

wreathed ceiling, was now exchanged for the ill lighted and worse ventilated basement floor, between the boards of which, on every change of weather, mephitic vapors oozed up from the drains, discoloring the subterranean walls with natural frescoes in incipient fungus and clinging in green mildew to the sides of the mattresses on which they slept, occasioning colds and coughs in the mother and her children, which from repetition became constitutional. These poor little beings lived in fretfulness and discontent, exhibited a peevishness and irritability of temper which added not a little to their mother's trials, increasing by their tiny thanklessness all she suffered, casting back to her with repelling hands and passionate tears the bread she mulcted herself of in order to give them full meals, and often tearing up in purest mischief the garments she had sat up half the night to repair or (perhaps out of some hardly-spared ones of her own) to make, for them. She seemed to overlook the fact that both temper and appetite depend on health, and that, shut up without air or exercise, robbed of their birthright of play and sunshine, it was but natural, without anterior causes, her children should be impatient and wilful, and that, in not providing them with amusement, she was in fact forcing mischief upon them as an occupation.

Other children in the house played out of doors ; but

hers, not having shoes when they had hats, or *vice versa*, breathed the same tainted air night and day, and, as the widest extent of their infantile liberty, never got beyond the yard or the area.

Another consequence of this unhealthy confinement was that when night came they were not prepared to sleep; and therefore, instead of evening bringing with it the calm and leisure which most housewives enjoy, and which enable them at each day's close to strike a balance with its varied, and, but for this period, unfinished labors, May's neighbors were annoyed with the noise and cries of her children as long as she herself remained up.

Miserable mother, and yet more miserable children, who have the misconduct of your parents visited on you even in those days of utter helplessness! Without a doubt the primary root of all this home evil was to be found in Nathan Slack's love of drink and want of principle, which prevented him, though an excellent workman, from obtaining constant employment or continuing in it when obtained; but at the same time May's moral feebleness and want of management doubled the extent of the mischief, and afforded him in the estimation of those who knew nothing of his habits before marriage almost an excuse for his misconduct.

Who knows what smiles, worn through the heart's

martyrdom, and a bright, clear, cheery hearth, and quiet, might have done even with so untoward a patient as the scene painter? Instead of which, May, who was doing all day long, without ever appearing to make headway against her own want of method and tidiness, was sure to be as neglected-looking and dirty in her person as in her place, where every thing was in disorder; and her children, instead of being in their rosy sleep pictures of purity and repose, were more probably crying and struggling on the floor, with its soils for the most part transferred to themselves and clothing. These are not the circumstances that tend to waken the better nature of a man when dormant, or to keep it active when awake; and accordingly, finding none of that comfort which quiet and cleanliness bestow upon the humblest hearth to counterbalance the turmoil, vexations, or disappointments of the day, Nathan Slack spent as short a time as possible beside it and characterized that period with ill temper.

In the mean while Abel Hardstaff remained unmarried; but a sister, through whom he had first known May, lived with him, and kept his rooms so neat and his clothes so well looked after that it seemed as if nothing short of losing her could induce him to be other than a bachelor.

The conscious change in herself and shame for her

poverty-stricken home and appearance had induced Mrs. Slack to give up all her acquaintance shortly after her marriage; and thus Susan Hardstaff had almost or quite lost sight of her; but true friendship does not die out even in the absence of its object; and Susan never ceased to think with interest of her.

Now, it happened that in one of Nathan's fits of intoxication one of his *friends* and companions on those occasions, wanting some money, persuaded him to accept an accommodation bill for twenty pounds, *value received*, payable in three months. Something was said at the time of their mutually benefiting by the transaction; but his friend altered his mind, and Nathan never received a penny of it. At the end of the three months, however, he found himself called upon to meet the amount; and the person who had drawn the bill having got out of the way, the discounters, finding that the wretched scene painter had neither money nor goods of the value, at once arrested and threw him into prison.

On the afternoon of the day on which this happened, a fair and sunny afternoon in June, Susan Hardstaff, who had heard it from her brother, slipped on her coarse but clean straw bonnet, and, taking with her a little basket of necessaries, ran down the area steps of Mrs. Slack's lodging in order to avoid the other persons in the house, and knocked very gently at the door. No

one answered; but she heard sounds between sobs and moans and the fractious wrangling of children; and, taking courage from the pure feeling of kindness with which she came, she pushed open the door and went in. There lay May, with her face buried in the bed and her tarnished hair tossed down about her shoulders, the very picture of heart-broken hopelessness.

Though four o'clock on a summer's day, the stained and dirty tablecloth remained on one end of a deal table, and was covered with the unwashed breakfast things and remnants of the morning meal, while the other was heaped with potatoes half pared in preparation for dinner; and on the floor, in the midst of an emptied basket of peas, — which the one opened and ate, and the other crunched a part of such as pleased her and then threw back again into the basket, — sat two pretty but very dirty children. The dresser had scarcely three plates remaining on it; but a heap of clothes, washed the week before, were tumbled together on a corner of the shelf to be ironed or put on rough dried as might happen; while the floor, slopped and filthy and only partially covered by a very ragged piece of carpet, perfected the disarray and comfortless appearance of the room.

"Do not cry, my poor girl," said Susan, lifting May tenderly, and speaking in a voice which like her looks overflowed with compassion for her quondam friend.

"Your tears cannot undo what is done, nor help yourself or husband to endure it; take courage and be patient; and who knows but that, as morning comes out of night, there may be sunshine under this thick darkness? There, that is right; get up and bathe your eyes and put your hair and dress to rights; and I will look after your place and the children while you go to your husband and comfort him, for doubtless he needs it."

"But will he let me?" cried May, looking round as if she had waked from a dream. "Will he not be angry with me for leaving home and the little ones, and perhaps drive me from him with hard words?"

"No, depend upon it," said Susan, dryly; "he will only be too glad to see you; for he must want food unless he had money to procure it; if he had not, he is tame enough by this time, you may be sure. There, don't stay to put any thing away; I shall not expect you home to-night, for you will hardly have time to walk there and see your husband before it will be time to come away." And, thus hurrying her off, Susan Hardstaff put the basket she had brought with her upon May's arm, and, bidding God bless her, fairly pushed her out of doors before the children could suspect she was leaving them.

In the mean while Nathan Slack, who had never for one moment contemplated such a termination to the

affair, but had trusted to the assurances of his unprincipled partner in it to furnish the means of meeting the bill, wakened, on finding himself within the walls of a prison, to the dishonesty, and, what was then infinitely more a source of discontent to him, the *folly*, of the transaction. It would have been bad enough to have gone to jail for his own debts ; but to have been duped in order to benefit another, who, not satisfied with defrauding him of all participation in the money, could then heartlessly throw the responsibility upon his shoulders and actually suffer him to be sent to prison, was almost more than he could bear ; and by turns he chafed himself into a rage or sank into complete prostration. In this state of mind he had consideration even for his wife and children, and added to the misery of his position a picture of their loneliness and want which became absolutely pathetic now that it was forced upon them involuntarily. *Time*, too, and *labor*, for the first occasion in his existence, grew into matters of importance and privilege ; and the thought that the advantages of both were forcibly withheld from him assumed a shape of grievous loss and wrong ; so that when poor May arrived, which was as quickly as her own strength and the weight of Susan's basket would permit her, she found her husband in a much more sobered and sympathizing frame of feeling than she had ever before seen him in ; while the

sight of her wan, thin face, first to find him out in his misery, wakened a host of wholesome self-upbraidings, and suddenly overflowed his cup of commiseration for *himself* with sprinklings of it for her — a state of feeling which gave such kindness to his looks and gentleness to his accents that May found her heart drawn towards him with a tenderness she had never before experienced; and after a moment's scrutiny, as if to satisfy herself that it was *real*, she cast herself with a sudden impulse in his arms weeping, she could scarcely tell whether with grief or joy, and Nathan kept her there; and it was no dream — she felt a tear fall on her neck. That night the scene painter was seized with symptoms of illness, which resulted in fever; and for an entire week May never left him night or day. She felt, however, no anxiety for her children; for Abel Hardstaff had called several times to bid her be under no apprehension for them, as his sister found no trouble in looking after them, and would continue to do so until her return.

At the end of this time, however, her husband's disorder took a favorable change; and, though very weak and exhausted, hopes were given her that his life would be spared, which at one stage of his illness had been doubtful; but, as he required careful nursing more than ever, she was still unable to visit home, where, in every

interval of her attendance on him, her thoughts were always wandering. The long hours of lingering debility which ensued gave Nathan ample time for reflection; and much of repentance and regret mingled with it. He saw as in a glass his wasted opportunities pass by him, felt how *time* and talent had been given him in vain, and groaned with anguish over his own heartlessness and folly which had left but a shade between his family's position and that of the beggars in the streets. May's conduct, too, throughout his illness had shown him more of her inner nature and roused in him a more real affection than he had ever felt for her in his life; she was no longer the timid, spiritless, cold-mannered woman, seeming indifferent to every thing save the reality of despair, but an anxious, affectionate helpmate, exerting herself to the very utmost to tend and comfort him, affecting courage in order to give him hope, working throughout the day to provide the nourishment required for him, and waking at night to minister, and, often when she thought he slept, to pray, for him — prayers that had their answer in his progressive restoration, in these painful but healthy retrospections, and in his changing feelings to herself. The *clay love* was becoming spiritualized — the morn was breaking out of darkness.

And now at length a day arrived when May could

comfortably leave her husband to pay a hasty visit to her children. The grated windows and darksome walls of the gloomy prison were left behind; and she almost ran through the streets in her eagerness to meet them. At last the house is reached; and she enters her humble lodgings, wondering how her little ones will look and what they will say at seeing her. But can these rooms, with their white boards and whiter ceilings and every thing in them looking so fresh and bright, be really hers? Yes; and here is the handmaid who has effected the alteration — kind Susan Hardstaff, with her warm hand grasp and pleasant smile. But where, where are the children?

“Why, at school,” said Susan, laughing.

“At school,” repeated May, with something very like reproach in her tone. “Poor little things!”

“Yes; and you can’t think how happy they are,” continued Susan, affecting not to notice the pity implied in May’s expression; “but you will hear when four o’clock comes. So now tell me all about poor Nathan and yourself. The clock will strike presently,” she continued, observing poor May’s distress, “and then you shall tell me which is best for them — to stop at home in your way all the day long, making themselves dirty and getting into all sorts of mischief, or to be where they are kept out of both and are at the same time

taught, without the toil of such teaching as yours and mine would be, those first steps in learning which were so painful and laborious to us. At the 'Infant School,' while they are *playing* they are gaining knowledge; and you cannot think how happy they are there and how anxious they are always to return to it."

I am obliged to own that more of shame than gratification entered into May's feelings as she gazed round on the altered appearance of her home. Nor did she quite like Susan's plan of sending the little ones to school; but in the midst of her secret chagrin there came bounding down the area steps, laughing their farewell of an elder girl, who had brought them so far on their way and now stood watching them from the top, two happy-looking, pink-cheeked, sprightly children, who raced forward to meet Susan, and fell into the arms of their poor mother, whose heart, too genuinely delighted in the change effected in them to suffer for a moment a petty jealousy to overshadow it, with a generous outburst of feeling alternately clasped them to her bosom, and then, between tears and caresses, expressed as best she could her thanks to Susan. They were so clean, so fresh looking and happy, — so different from the quarrelsome, and, by contrast, squalid-looking beings she had left, — that it seemed impossible little better than a fort-

night should have made so complete an improvement in them.

"The fact is, my dear May, you had no time for keeping things to rights," said Susan, kindly. "And I am sure I should have managed no better had I kept little Nat and May at home; but, with them out of the way, it is easy to put the place in order and to keep it so; besides, it gives plenty of time for mending and washing their clothes, without running the business of the day into the only hours your husband is at home and can enjoy it with you. Now, only listen to those little things' prattle; they are telling you all they have learned and played at to-day. How they will amuse you and their father! and, as they have had an hour or two's exercise in the play ground, by the time you have had tea they will be ready for bed; and then the whole evening will be yours for needlework. Now, do you forgive me for sending them, and agree with me that it is a better plan and has more real love in it for the little things themselves than the keeping them at home to their own and your discomfort?"

"But, Susan," interrupted May, "I am afraid I shall never be able to keep things looking as nice as they are now; if I could," — and she laughed with hysterical joy as she spoke, — "I think I might be a happier wife than I have ever been, and Nathan a different man."

“But there is no difficulty in it when once you begin with a determination to go on,” said Susan, earnestly; “it only wants method; and there, you know, I had the advantage of you. What should you know of the best way of doing household work who were always busied with ball dresses and such like things? But I will come in every day for a while and show you my plan, so that by the time Nathan comes back it will be your *own*; and you have only to keep to it to insure comfort at your hearth for your husband, your children, and yourself. And O, dear May, what more does a good wife want? Affection follows it, for a man cannot be indifferent to the blessings of a quiet, cleanly home; it creates habits of order and decency in your children, and encourages carefulness on the part of your husband, who has then something to toil for worth mentioning. And now I have another little bit of hope for you; only we must not be too sanguine of its being realized, besides that Nathan may not perhaps agree to it; but Abel has been again and again to Mr. Zumpt, the bill discounter, and has represented as strongly as he could the uselessness of the step he has taken with regard to your husband, and the poverty and sorrow he is inflicting on you and your innocent children; while, on the other hand, he has taken upon himself to say that, if set at liberty, Nathan would in all probability be willing to pay the money by

instalments; and though this seems very hard, dear May, considering that he did not have the spending of any part of it, who knows but that, after all, the suffering may be worth the cost?"

"O, only too gladly would he pay it, Susan, if this man would once more give him the freedom to earn it," cried the poor wife.

"Well, I think he is almost certain to do it," rejoined her friend; "but now we will talk of something else."

In brief, a few weeks later Nathan Slack was released from prison, his creditor withdrew the detainer against him, and so ended his *sejour* in Whitecross Street, but not its effects: from henceforth he resisted intemperance, and being, as I before said, a first-rate workman, found no difficulty in obtaining employment as soon as his change of character established itself. Ambition now took the place of that sottish recklessness which had kept him indifferent to every thing but self-indulgence, and he became as remarkable for industry and forethought as he had been for the want of these qualities.

In the mean while Susan's system had not been thrown away upon her friend. May had tried with her whole heart to break herself of her ill habits and acquire that economy of time and method which she perceived was

the secret of good housewifery; and her docility and perseverance were richly rewarded in their effects upon her lowly home and the attraction thus cast around it; for her husband, whose artist eyes, no longer offended by its appearance and that of herself and children, came home as to an ark of rest after the occupation of the day, delighted to sit at his own fireside, while little Nat leaned beside him and May clambered on his knee; and May, his own dear May, sat opposite, busied with her work, from which she only lifted her eyes to cast a loving look upon the group, and then perchance to the *clay love*, purified, which, once more brought within doors, looked in its silken bands above the chimney piece as if content to hover there forever. They had prepared it, too, even as pure love prepares the heart, so that every stain that fell upon it might be washed off and its own whiteness show the fairer for the passing blemish.

And now every day brings them closer to a new and healthier home; for Nathan has become a member of a building society and aims at the honor of a freehold which shall be his son's after him; and May, who has the same hope at heart, finds time to use her needle in behalf of it.

Here, therefore, we shall leave them, happy in their own and children's society and in the true friendship of

Abel Hardstaff and his sister, but for whom, in all probability, the Image of Love in Clay would have mouldered to its native element, and that of which it was the myth in the heart of the scene painter and his wife never have known regeneration.

DESPAIR NOT.

WE were not made to pass in sorrow
Our brief existence here away ;
For grief's a cloud that on the morrow
Gives promise of a brighter day.

Bright flowers decay ; gay foliage fades
Beneath November's chilly reign ;
But, robed in gayer tints, the spring
Beholds the blushing flowers again.

So, when some grief has blighted hopes
Of happiness too dearly cherished,
Too oft we deem that every joy
Has with departed idols perished.

However deep the wound we feel,
However great our cause of sadness,
Time rolls the clouds of grief away,
And brings again our wonted gladness.

TO MY BELOVED.

COME, gently lay thy head upon this fond and faithful
breast ;

I would that it should be to thee a home of peace and
rest ;

If care or pain should ever cast a shade upon thy brow,
Then let me kiss that shade away as thus I kiss thee
now.

If song can cheer thee, then I'll sing some old familiar
strain,

Whose well-remembered tones shall woo thee back to
love again —

Shall win thee from each gloomy thought, and with its
mirth beguile

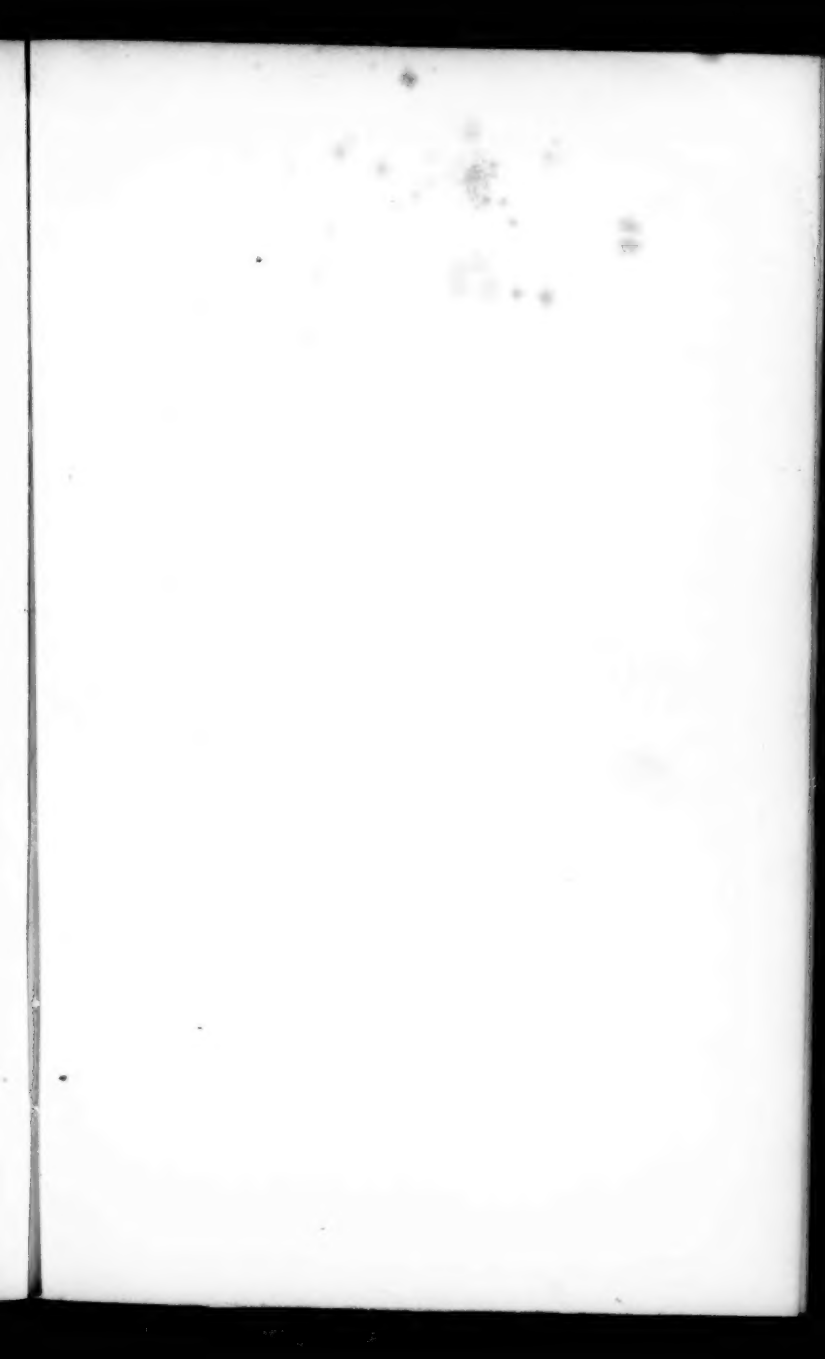
Thy soul unto its wonted ease, thy lip its wonted smile.

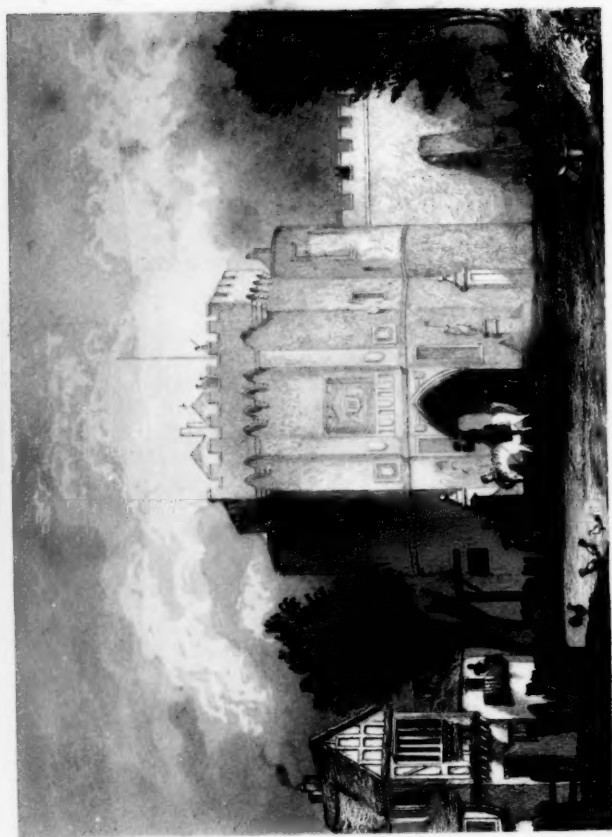
The sweetest moments I have known are those I've
spent with thee,

When, mingling in the joyous dance, our hearts were
light and free ;

Yet would the gayest scene be dull without that thou
wert near,
That I might give thee smile for smile, or give thee tear
for tear.

And, as I think, the words of Ruth come floating through
my brain;
It is the fondest dream I have; my wish it is the same,
That wheresoe'er thy footsteps turn, wherever thou
shalt roam,
There will I live, there will I die; thy home shall be
my home.





Palace of the Duke of Bedford

SOUTHAMPTON.

KING HENRY V.

Chorus. AND the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.

This building is still in good preservation: it is situated in the Place de la Pucelle, so called from its being the scene of the execution of the celebrated Joan of Arc, to whose memory a monument is erected. This fabric is shown in the engraving.

Upon the accession of Henry VI., the Duke of Bedford was constituted chief councillor and protector of the king, then an infant, and appointed at the same time Regent of France. But all his splendid achievements in the "land of the Gaul," great, glorious, and gallant as they were, lie forever obscured beneath one dark

deed of inhumanity — his cruel and savage treatment of the most undaunted of his foes — the enthusiastic Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc. The duke died at Rouen September 14, 1435, and was interred in the Cathedral of Notre Dame there, deeply lamented by the English people.

THE FATAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FACT, NOT FICTION.

BY ELIZA JULIA SPARROW.

"Am I awake, or is it all illusion?" — THE ROMAN FATHER: *Trag.*
"Cæsar. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar." — SHAKESPEARE.

It was a busy night in the metropolis of Ireland that 20th of June on which the Queen of England ascended the throne. Every window glittered with lights; and beautiful as gorgeous were the many-colored lamps which decked the public buildings and threw their varied hues over the queenly city. Many a banquet was spread to celebrate the event; and many a ball room was filled with gay and brilliant guests, whilst bands of music pealed far and wide.

It was on that night that, amongst a dazzling crowd assembled at the residence of Lady S——, in —— Square, the handsome daughter of a baronet attracted the admiration of the lighthearted and imaginative

Alfred Fitzallen, then a student in — College. Alfred was young and good looking, high spirited and ingenuous ; fresh from his mother's home, his mind was as pure and unsullied as it had been in childhood. His figure was tall and manly, and not wanting in grace ; and his whole deportment indicated that open and unsuspecting nature which is at once so pleasing and attractive, yet which, alas ! too frequently leads its possessor to become the dupe of the wily or the vicious. With Alfred, to think and to act were almost simultaneous ; and once attracted by the fair and stately Helen B——, it took him but another moment to get an introduction and demand her hand in the dance. Frequently, during the evening, he was by her side ; and more than once he "led her through the glittering throng." The glow of a summer's morning was abroad ere the music had ceased and the dance was done, and Alfred returned to his chambers in — College amidst the raillery of his young companions, with whom he was an especial favorite, who each and all declared that Fitzallen had positively lost his heart.

Days passed away, and every time they met the jest was renewed ; and, whenever the friends chanced to sup together, Helen's health was drank with all the honors, and Alfred called upon by many a merry voice to return thanks for his lovely enslaver.

Thus were the topic and the raillery kept up for some time, when one morning a neatly-folded and delicately-written billet was placed in the hands of Fitzallen; and, on opening it, what was his astonishment to find it bore the signature of Helen B——, and contained a request for the loan of a particular work from a certain library to which he had free access with instructions to have the volume left at —— Street till called for! For an instant it crossed his mind that it was singular to be thus addressed by a lady almost a stranger and one whose family and friends were altogether unacquainted with him; but this thought was momentary, and soon drowned in the pleasure of being thus remembered by his gay and handsome partner of the last ball. The book was despatched, accompanied by an entreaty that a like honor and pleasure might occasionally be granted him. It was not long until the favor was repeated; another and another billet came and was answered; and thus a regular correspondence sprang up, which shortly carried words of more than friendly import. The brief, bright hour upon which they had met in Lady S——'s ball room was recurred to and dwelt upon as the young and the ardent know how to dwell upon such topics; and Alfred ceased to *think* of Helen B—— as a passing acquaintance, and began to watch for each fresh epistle with trembling interest.

In this correspondence he showed a mind exalted above the usual vanity of men, in the love of displaying such favors when bestowed on them by the opposite sex. With true delicacy of feeling he kept it secret from all save one favorite friend, young Armand, who had been his companion from childhood, and to whom he had been in the habit of imparting every family secret as if they had been brothers. Harry Armand was a few years older than Alfred, for whom he felt a warm attachment. Though deficient in *refinement* of feeling, he was nevertheless goodhearted and generous, and possessed many excellent and noble qualities to warrant our hero's partiality for him. But, gay even to thoughtlessness, his untiring love of amusement sometimes led him into follies. Reckless and well tempered, there was no frolic of which Harry was not one of the first projectors and foremost actors; there was nothing too hazardous or troublesome for him to undertake and carry through; and frequently his own companions were the subjects of his merry and at times somewhat provoking humor; but the sound of his hearty laugh as it rang upon their ears, and the inexhaustible stores of fun that lurked in his half-closed eyes or lingered about the corners of his mouth, told but too plainly that it was useless to be angry with Harry.

Weeks and months had rolled over since the night of

the ball ; and it was only now and then that the subject of Fitzallen's lost heart was revived. But absence from the object of his now frequent thoughts, and the power which Imagination is ever sure to make use of in adorning our mind's idols in her brightest colors, were doing their work on the heart of Alfred Fitzallen. She had attracted his admiration by her beauty ; and, slight as a ball-room acquaintance is, it served to leave an interesting and pleasing impression upon his mind. This, aided by an already close correspondence, by which he observed traits of a delicate, loving, and confiding character, was it any wonder that Alfred fancied her a faultless being, and was really in love? Immured within the close precincts of a college, with but few acquaintances in town, and wholly debarred from all female society except the snatch he had of it at a chance ball, was it strange that Helen should become the sole object of his thoughts, "the morning star of memory"? And there was a high degree of romance and mystery in the whole proceeding which served to give it a deep and absorbing interest.

More than once in his epistles he begged to be permitted to wait upon her and to make the acquaintance of her family and friends ; but this proposal was at all times postponed to a future day, and latterly he forbore to urge it. Helen's letters revealed, as we before mentioned, a loving and confiding nature ; therefore he fully

trusted her. "She has her own reasons for not permitting me to call at her father's house at present," thought he; "but that happiness is in store." He trusted with a "fearless faith," and he was happy.

His feelings had thus ripened into an attachment which had all the ennobling effects that a pure attachment for an estimable woman is ever sure to produce. It made him shun every thing that could degrade or lessen him in the eyes of her whose image he carried in his heart; it made him delight in communing with his own spirit and cultivating his fine mind; and being destined to push his way through life by embracing a learned profession, he studied harder and more closely than heretofore, led on and cheered by words of kindness, interest, and affection that he had never known before; and, in short, he came to feel that there was no difficulty he could not surmount in order to be thought worthy of the hand of Helen B——.

The routine of college life had gone on — as it had done for years — in midnight vigils and hard study, comfortless breakfast tables and untidy dressing rooms; and when the morning of the examinations arrived a considerable degree of bustle and excitement was observable, until every cap and gown disappeared within the closed doors of the hall. That fearful ordeal passed, and again they were emancipated, some joyous and triumph-

ant, others downcast and disheartened, to seek their domiciles amidst the tumult of the busy city, or in the small, dark abodes appropriated to their use in the great square of the college. A short time sufficed to rally every disappointed spirit, and soon all were ready to renew the jest upon his fellow, to join a serenading party, or in any way to make merry with their friends. Thus summer and autumn had been succeeded by winter, and spring had again returned. The air was fresh and balmy, and the sky bright and cloudless, as the two friends walked arm in arm towards — Square, where the band of the — regiment had attracted numbers of pedestrians.

“Well, Armand,” said Alfred, as they entered the square, “I have partly succeeded at last in my wish to be permitted to visit Helen. Last week I ventured to repeat the request; and in her reply she has made no opposition, which I take to be at least half a grant.”

“I am glad of it,” was the reply; “we are — I — I am sure you are tired of it, and it is well to end it by seeing the girl.”

He turned abruptly away and joined some ladies, with whom he entered into an animated conversation. Fitzallen was not less lighthearted, less happy, or less capable of enjoyment than he had ever been; but his mind was engrossed by one object, which, from its single-

ness, had taken a powerful hold upon it. He left Armand to his own diversions, and turned towards his lodgings, repeating the words of his friend, "Tired of it! end it! Little he knows how dear has every word of Helen's become to me. Little he dreams how that fair and guileless being has won her way to my heart."

Next day found Fitzallen in high though somewhat excited spirits, having been urged by Armand to visit Helen without further permission. That day of all days the reader will excuse his bestowing more than ordinary care upon his toilet, and seldom had such care been so well repaid. In the afternoon he sallied forth in all the vigor of youth and strength. Hope and joy lit up his eye and flushed his cheek as he bent his steps towards the haven of his wishes, thinking, as he proceeded, over the not unpleasing novelty of his position. Often had he taken the same direction with a hope of getting one glimpse of Helen, but always returned disappointed; and now he was about to see her,—although without her decided permission,—but still to see her at last, to converse with her, to hear from her lips the revealings of that mind which he had learned to look up to as of a superior order. These thoughts occupied him until his arrival at the residence of Sir Francis B——. His heart beat violently as his summons was answered by a footman, who instantly admitted him and ushered him into

a spacious and elegant drawing room, which, to his relief, he found unoccupied. In a few moments the door opened, and a lady entered, in whom he at once recognized Helen B——. He advanced towards her, but was checked by her dropping a low courtesy and requesting him with a graceful and unembarrassed air to be seated. She at once entered into conversation with him on the trifling occurrences of the day with the ease and dignity of one accustomed to do the honors of her father's house — which was the case, as she was the only child of Sir Francis, and had long since lost her mother. Somewhat puzzled and abashed by her manner, Alfred experienced a painful sinking of the heart. Was she a coquette, thought he, that she would not recognize him? Could he have been deceived? Could this self-possessed and indifferent lady be the tender, the kind, the gentle Helen whom fancy had so often painted, and whom he expected to see trembling and shrinking with a sweet bashfulness when brought into the actual presence of him who had so long been the sharer of her every thought? He felt like one in a dream. At length he summoned courage to recur to their first meeting at Lady S——'s ball. She replied that she well remembered the ball, as it had been her first, but she did not recollect having had the pleasure of seeing him there. "But forgive me," she added hastily, and with a smile, observing

the shade that crossed his face ; " you must forgive me, Mr. Fitzallen, if I cannot exactly call to memory every partner that led me out at my first ball." This was said with so much frankness and courtesy that it was impossible to doubt its sincerity. Alfred felt bewildered ; something was wrong, and he could hardly tell what, in the confusion of his thoughts ; but, at all events, he came to the resolution of unravelling the mystery, cost what it might. The delicacy and awkwardness of his present situation were as nothing to the intense pain that throbbed in his temples and weighed down his whole being ; and without further preamble, he frankly, though timidly, stated that he had been under the impression, for many months, of having had the honor and happiness of a correspondence with her. The lady colored deeply, and astonishment was depicted on her countenance ; and she asked in a haughty tone how could he suppose that *she* would enter into a clandestine correspondence, such as he described, with a perfect stranger. Alfred answered her as he best could, and gasped to hide himself from the sight of her who had been his dream by night and his thought by day. Helen had lost none of her loveliness since he last beheld her. The same stately step and graceful mien were there ; the same earnest eyes and musical voice ; but she was not the Helen his fancy had painted ; and he left the house under the mournful im-

pression that he had been deceived — doubly deceived — how or by whom he knew not, and that he had been worshipping an imaginary being, and not the real Helen B——. With rapid steps he hurried through the city; the idol that had so long possessed his heart thus suddenly shattered, it throbbed with a new and strange sensation of agony, and an acute sense of shame at having been betrayed into making such an avowal as he had made to Miss B——. To seek comfort in the sympathy of Armand was his first thought; and, entering his apartment, he was met by him with his usual happy countenance; but, observing the altered looks of Fitzallen, Armand started back.

"Armand," said he, scarcely able to articulate the words, "I have been deceived — basely deceived — how and by whom I know not."

"Come, come, Alfred," returned his friend; "you must not take it so badly as this. It was all a joke amongst us — I assure you it was all a joke. I had no idea you would feel it thus. Come, man, you must cheer up and forgive us. It was but a jest, and you must forget it."

Alfred stood erect and motionless as if rooted to the earth — his lips of an ashy paleness, his eyes dilated, and his whole countenance overspread with the pallor of death, whilst Armand continued, —

"To say the truth, when we commenced the corre-

spondence we had no intention of carrying it on for any length ; but we did not know how to put a stop to it ; and, when we all got thoroughly tired of it, we thought your visiting Helen was the best way to end it, and therefore I recommended you to go. And here," continued he, opening a small desk and taking out a packet, "to convince you it was all amongst ourselves, here are your letters."

Armand did not observe the fearful workings in the countenance of his friend during this speech ; but, as he turned to lay the packet on the table, the words, "And it was *you — you —*" broke from Fitzallen in a deep, sepulchral voice ; and he fell heavily on the floor. Horror stricken and terrified, Armand called loudly for assistance. The room was quickly filled by the party of friends who had been on the watch to hear the result of his visit, and who had thus, for their own amusement, deceived a companion who was a favorite with all. Alfred was carried to bed and medical aid promptly called in.

"He is very ill," said Armand to his companions, as they quitted the chamber by order of the physician. "Is it possible his feelings could have thus overcome him?"

"We carried it too far," said several, with one voice.

"Yet who could have thought it would affect him so deeply?"

"Ah," said a pale young man, who had not before spoken, "it was kept up too long. I often advised you to beware of such a jest; but you all laughed at what you termed my 'fine feelings.' The shock he received during his visit was as much as he could bear; for I saw him as he returned like a blasted oak—he who went forth in the morning full of life and vigor. Then the double blow which Armand's confession gave him has wholly prostrated him. God grant it may end well!"

He left the room; and how truly had he spoken! It was the second blow that had given the deepest wound. In his anguish and humiliation he had fled for sympathy to the bosom of his friend; and he heard from the lips of that friend that he was the deceiver! The strong man was overcome by the wild tumult of his feelings, and sunk beneath them. The following morning he was pronounced in a brain fever; and the tidings brought a terrible lesson to those who had sported with his feelings and affections. A heavy gloom overspread every face, and told that remorse was avenging Alfred.

The giddy triflers grew old and sage in their nightly watch over their victim; their ears tingled with his frantic ravings; and men who had never bent the knee since they bent it in childhood at their mothers' feet bent it now to pray that he might be spared to speak one word of forgiveness. He *was* spared, but not to speak his

forgiveness — nevermore to mingle amongst them! Alfred Fitzallen rose from his bed a madman! His fine, manly form enclosed in a strait waistcoat, he was borne in a close carriage from the sight of those who branded themselves as his worse than murderers, accompanied by the physician and attendants of that hospital where those afflicted with that direful malady find a temporary relief or wear out their melancholy existence within its walls.

Years have passed. Armand's grief threw him into a consumption which carried him to an early grave. The other partners in the jest mourned long and sincerely over Alfred's fate and their own folly. Not long since Alfred was dismissed from the hospital an idiot — the mournful victim of a practical joke.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

AROUND us still extends a paradise
In the true hearts that love us. Friendship sets
Young saplings all about, that turn to trees,
Abundant in the fruitage of rich thoughts
And generous emotions. Round us rise
Prolific flowers, which vernal dewfall wets
With gushing odor — whence do stingless bees
Gather unsating honey. Round us floats
A breath of fearless health; and with us strays
A spirit of cheerful industry, which keeps
The mind from brooding on its idle cares,
Intent on aiding others. Eden ways
May still be traversed; and where Adam sleeps
Quietly near Eve, may we breathe Eden airs!

FAR FROM THE HUM OF MEN.

AN intimate friend of mine in Paris, the Vicomte de —, inhabited for fourteen years a pleasant *entresol* in the Boulevard des Italiens. Young, rich, and healthy, he enjoyed life as only those favored mortals do whose purses are crammed with bank notes and whose limbs are untouched by rheumatism.

In the first year of his eighth lustre the viscount suddenly remembered that eight times five make forty ; and one fine evening, coming out of the Café de Paris to go to the opera, he in like manner acquired the bitter certainty of the fragility of human things. Lobster salad had lost its flavor ; Meyerbeer no longer pleased the ear nor Fanny Ellsler the eye ; and my young friend felt that he could easily play the part of the great St. Anthony in the midst of the seductions of the French metropolis. He reëntered his apartments, superintended the immediate packing of his furniture, placed "To let" in his balcony, took a conveyance for the north, and on the 1st of May settled himself in a charming little villa

about a gunshot from my house, a very nest of shade verdure and flowers. Though this paradise was his own property, he had never before visited it save about once a year when he did not happen to prefer Switzerland or Italy.

"My dear friend," he exclaimed, the first day he called upon me, "I am now one of you. I have left far behind the whirl of the modern Babylon, where they manufacture joys as they fabricate Seltzer water. I shall henceforth live for myself and a few friends. I return to natural pleasures—to a calm and real existence; and my last sigh will be breathed beneath the old ancestral oaks, far from importunate fools, from deceitful man, and doubly deceitful woman. In short, far from the hum of men."

By the 2d of May my new neighbor had bought a spade, two rakes, four watering pots, and a pruning knife; he had likewise furnished himself with sundry jackets of coarse cloth such as the peasants wear, and headgear to correspond. Dispensing forever with varnished boots, he purchased a pair of sabots fit for any weather, and at length considered himself at all points a country gentleman.

The first day of his installation the sixty peasants who formed the male population of the hamlet on the estate arrived, with a drum at their head, and a fiddle

bringing up the rear, and arranged themselves in a circle at the foot of the hall steps, where the poor viscount, who had so fully reckoned upon peace, was compelled to appear to receive their compliments. So highly did they vaunt the virtues, the high breeding, and, above all, the generosity of the descendant of their ancient lords, that that honored individual could do no less than open wide the strings of the purse whose inexhaustible riches the village schoolmaster, the official author of the dithyrambic, had, among other topics, so loudly sung. Then the drum beat, the violin gave forth its repertory of village polkas, and the peasants shouted, "Vive Monsieur le Comte!"

At these shouts and the appeal of the fiddler the female portion of the hamlet could no longer contain themselves. Like one single shepherdess they rushed to the lawn, where the young girls pounced on the parterre and improvised gigantic bouquets, with which they covered the jacket of M. le Comte, who, according to ancient usage, placed his right hand upon his heart, and his left in his pocket, and cried, "Merci, mes enfans!" Thereupon a shower of five-franc pieces responded to the vivats, and the new lord of the manor could not in politeness decline to open the ball with the first damsel who came to his hand.

When once we launch out it is difficult to stop. Upon a sign from the viscount, a hogshhead of wine was

broached. Then the vivats rose to a pitch of frenzy — the men sang all manner of Marseillaises, the women outscramed a first trombone of hussars, the babies cried, and the mastiffs in the court yard added their contralto to this thundering concert.

The evening came; it was time to separate. The viscount hastened to bed and endeavored to sleep; but a frightful nightmare oppressed him. He dreamed that they drank all the wine in the cellar, that they devastated his thickets of roses, that his chest was emptied of five hundred francs, and that he caught a rheumatic ague. Upon awaking he felt very ill, and, counting the cost of the day before, he found that the dream was a reality. Thanks to friction, repose, and perhaps the absence of the doctor, he was well and afoot again in eight days.

"After all," said he to himself, "it was a necessary tribute to custom; and these good people really appear to love me heartily. Now that I have satisfied the usages of the place, I shall certainly enjoy the silence and solitude I long for; for here, at thirty leagues from Tortoni's, I am, or ought to be, far from the hum of men."

Just as he finished this consoling monologue, up came the *garde champêtre* in his otter-skin cap and respectfully signified to the viscount a little *procès verbal* — the consequence of the musket shots that had been fired in

his honor a week before, and which had been strictly prohibited by a municipal regulation. So complete had been the tumult that my friend could not doubt the word of the officer; and as the mayor was a republican, who would enjoy making an example of monsieur the aristocrat, the viscount judged it best to submit to the fine imposed. He paid it at once, and hoped at length to enjoy the peace he sighed for.

He had already put on his blue and white striped jacket, and armed himself with his garden knife, for the purpose of pruning his first rose tree, when the servant announced Gros-Pierre and his spouse Mathurine. They came to ask M. le Vicomte to be the godfather of their seventh son; and as this is an honor a good Roman Catholic can never refuse, my neighbor, perforce, consented. He assisted at the baptism of the young thresher, of course accompanying his services by a feast to the friends on both sides and a few hundred sou pieces to Françoise the godmother.

In eight days more the viscount was at his eighth godfathership; and as the citizens of my arrondissement seldom stop short of their fifteenth paternization, it soon came to pass that my neighbor spent nearly all his mornings at the font.

He now went another step. Invited to all the marriages and funerals, he quitted the font but for the altar,

and had no sooner given away the bride than he had to bear the pall.

My neighbor, however, was yet but in the honeymoon of village usefulness. He beheld himself loved, honored, sought after—a little too much—by the good peasants who surrounded him. Eighteen hundred and fifty-two approached, and who could tell what might happen? It was as well to cook a little ragout of popularity beforehand. The viscount denied neither his door nor his services to his new friends.

As he came from the capital, and as every Parisian is supposed to be gifted with a universal genius, there was no process to plead against, no lease to renew, no clover crop to secure, but my friend was consulted. Did a difference arise, the disputants straightway rushed to the presence of M. le Vicomte. They explained the matter in hand; he gave his advice; and the interview usually ended by the belligerent parties, as in duty bound, falling to fisticuffs in the very audience chamber of their arbitrator. He was at once the village justice, advocate, and notary.

But he did not rest here. He became its physician. "*Médecin malgré lui*," be it understood. They forced him to say what he thought of such a one's cut finger, of such another's asthma; they awoke him in the middle of the night, that he might apply plasters and

administer *eau sucrée*. He was consulted by the entire community, insomuch that he at length attempted leeches, and even ventured to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the lancet. But here the faculty awaited him. The officer of health of the neighboring village, who owed him a grudge for having recovered without a prescription, surprised him in the very act of phlebotomy. The man made his report in the proper quarter, and the correctional police taught my noble neighbor that philanthropy becomes amenable to the penal law from the moment that it launches out into the piercing of veins and the application of leeches.

The viscount, who was far from wishing to resign his post of general benefactor, now thought he would confine himself to an employment out of reach of legal interference. Recognized from the first as the only decent writer in the community, he became public scribe to the hamlet. From morning till evening his little cabinet was crowded with all who had a cousin at a distance, a sister in service, or a lover with his regiment. My neighbor thus composed more than three folio volumes of epistles in every variety of style. The pen-knife superseded the pruning knife; the watering pots gave way to the inkstand.

Two days ago the crisis arrived. The young and fresh Françoise, who had played godmother to my

friend's part of godfather at his first baptism, was seated near his desk, explaining how she wished to break with François Dumanet, a corporal on furlough, who was desperately jealous of all the shepherds of the hamlet. She had come to ask the viscount to arrange the matter, seeing that Jacquat, the farmer's head man, had asked her in marriage; and Jacquat was a likely lad, who could easily earn his thirty crowns in the year, without counting the oats he pilfered from the stable and the eggs he picked up in the poultry yard.

The good viscount was bestowing upon his pretty client the most fatherly counsels when the door suddenly opened, and Corporal Dumanet, with cuffs turned up and mustaches bristling with rage, entered hastily. He first applied his cane lustily to the shoulders of his beloved, and then, falling upon the innocent viscount, proved how very possible it is for our best intentions to be mistaken by a jealous lover. This was too much for my friend. He seized the first weapon that came to hand, and retaliated the caning by a thrust with the pruning knife.

Poor fellow! It was the first time he had had an opportunity of using it; and so excellently did he profit by this one, and so neatly did he operate upon his adversary's face, that it never lost from that day the marks of his skill. But arboriculture, applied to the human

species, is forbidden by the law as well as the unprofessional exercise of leeches and lancet. The viscount spent forty-eight hours in a tedious negotiation with Dumanet, which was only yesterday evening brought to a conclusion. He bought a substitute for the corporal, who remained in the village and espoused Françoise. The business cost from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred francs; but then my neighbor received a pressing invitation to the nuptials.

This morning I was coursing near my house, when I saw a vehicle whirling along the high road towards Paris. Within it was the viscount, who looked out of the window, and, observing me, ordered the driver to stop. "My friend," cried he as I came within hearing, "au revoir this winter at Paris! I precede you to the modern Babylon. I return to my pleasant *entresol*, which happily has not yet met with a new tenant. I go to seek calm, leisure, peace in the Boulevard des Italiens. I take with me a rose tree, that I shall prune on my window sill, and two strawberry plants, to water in my dressing room. I leave hamlets, shepherds, and the shady grove, to live and die far from the hum of men."

